

VOL. VI. NO. 12.

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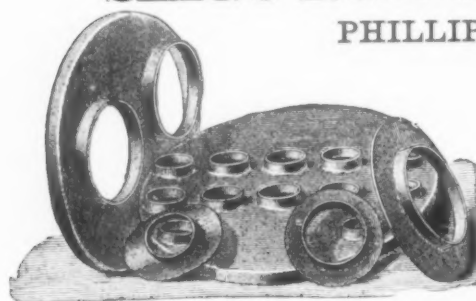
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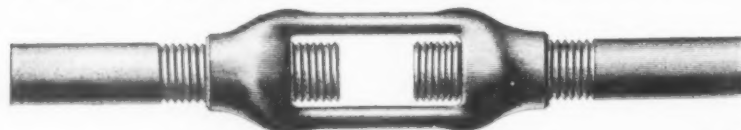
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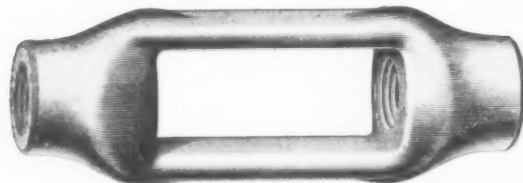
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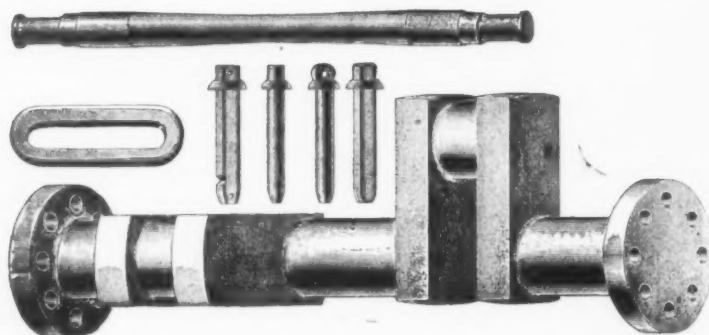
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THE NORTHWEST

Illustrated Monthly Magazine

VOL. VI.—No. 12.

ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, DECEMBER, 1888.

TERMS: 15 CENTS PER COPY.
\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

WESTERN DAKOTA.

That portion of the great Territory of Dakota which lies west of the Missouri River is often locally called the West Missouri Country. This term is misleading



to Eastern readers, however, who are liable to confound it with the State of Missouri. A better name, and one which is now coming in vogue, is Western Dakota. It locates the region geographically and preserves the word Dakota, which is dear

to all the settlers. Western Dakota is quite unlike the eastern portion of the Territory. No matter how familiar one may be with the level prairies of the Red River Valley, or the rolling prairies drained by the the James and the Shesenne, or the knolls and lakes and natural meadows of the Coteaux, or the graceful hills and vale of the Missouri Slope, one cannot know Western Dakota without visiting it. The topography and climate are peculiar. The lay of the land is quite different from that in other prairie countries. In fact the region can only be called a prairie from the one circumstance of its being destitute of timber save along the streams and in a few nooks among the hills. It is a succession of hills and valleys, with sharp, conical buttes and flat-topped buttes and rounded buttes dominating every landscape. From the grassy sides of the buttes and ridges crop out veins of lignite coal; the summits are often capped with gray sandstone or red scoria produced by fires in old geologic ages which burned the lignite seams underneath strata of blue clay. The slopes of the hills and buttes and the broad valleys lying between are covered with a thick deposit of rich, brown loam, on which the prairie grasses and flowers grow luxuriantly. Cottonwoods, willows and alders grow by the streams, with occasional oaks, and in the "breaks" of the hills there are frequently found groves of oaks of considerable size.

Western Dakota is well watered by the Heart, Knife, Cannonball, Green, Sweetbriar, Little Missouri and other streams, which flow into or towards the Missouri. The winter climate is much milder than in Eastern Dakota, for two reasons—first the ranges of hills break the force of the cold north winds and second, there is a perceptible influence felt from the Chinook winds which blow from the Pacific Ocean. Spring is from one to two weeks earlier at

Dickinson, the central town of the region, than at Fargo, in the Red River Valley. If you journey westward over the Northern Pacific in the middle of November, you may pass over a snow-covered region in Northern Minnesota, where winter has arrived to stay, and next day, after crossing the Missouri at Mandan, you will very likely find the valleys still brown and basking in warm sunshine.

The special advantage of the region we are describing yet remains to mention. It is the great stores of lignite coal, which is found in such quantities and so convenient for mining that fuel costs little more than the labor necessary to scoop it out of the seams which project from the hill-sides. In fact many of the farmers mine their own fuel on their own lands or on neighboring unclaimed Government land. When coal is purchased at the mouth of a mine it costs only from one dollar to \$1.50 per ton. In a recent issue of the *Mandan Pioneer* a letter from Gladstone states that the price of coal delivered in that town is only \$1.65 per ton. Of course lignite is not anthracite and is a long way behind good Ohio bituminous coal in its heating properties; but it is a valuable fuel, burning readily to clean ashes and is a great benefit to any country where it is found. The proportion of fixed carbon contained in the best Dakota lignite is from thirty-five to forty. Anthracite contains about eighty per cent. and bituminous coal from fifty to sixty. Two tons of lignite may be estimated to be equal to one of anthracite in heat-producing properties. At Mandan, on the Missouri, lignite which has been transported by rail from the mines at Sims, about fifty miles distant, sells by the car load for \$2.65 per ton. Anthracite sells at \$12. It will be seen that the saving is important. Many people in the towns still use anthracite, because it is clean and there is less trouble to keep up a fire with it, but the farmers all use the cheap native coal. Lignite is more and more coming into use east of the Missouri for steam-boilers and also for domestic fuel. It is unquestionably the future fuel of all Dakota and the railroads will find it to their interest to make their freight rates for hauling it as low as they can afford to do, in order to encourage the production and bring it into more general use. It seems a contradiction of nature to bring coal from the Pennsylvania mines, first 400 miles by rail to Buffalo, then more than a thousand miles by vessel to Duluth, and then from 300 to 500 miles by rail into Dakota, when the hills of Dakota are full of fuel.

The settlements in Western Dakota are all on or near the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, or on the Missouri River. I do not speak here of the Black Hills district, which is a region quite apart, having its rail outlet to Chicago and having no relations other than political with the rest of Dakota. Sooner or later the

Black Hills will be connected with the Northern Pacific system by a road from either Mandan or Dickinson to Deadwood and Rapid City, but at present a description of Western Dakota need not embrace them. The country covered by this article, therefore, is the narrow and still disjointed belt of settlement stretching along the railroad from Mandan, on the Missouri, to the western border of the Territory. Mandan grew up rapidly after the construction trains crossed the Missouri on the ice from Bismarck in 1880 and work was begun on the extension of the Northern Pacific from its halting place of five years at Bismarck, towards Montana and the Pacific Coast. As a railroad shop and supply town it acquired immediate importance. It was not until 1883, 1884 and 1885, however, that settlers began to occupy the country west of Mandan. There was so much vacant territory to fill up in Eastern Dakota, that very few people were attracted to the region west of the Big Muddy. A few colonies were planted, but they were composed of people without capital and they had a hard struggle for two or three years. Sims developed as a coal mining town; Dickinson as a cattle town, with railroad shops; Medora as a slaughtering and cattle shipping point. The agricultural settlements of New Salem, Glenullen, Hebron, Richardson, Gladstone, Taylor and Belfield, made hopeful beginnings. Then came the reaction from the remarkable epoch of development and speculation known as the Dakota boom period, and everything seemed to stand still for two or three years. The country was really going ahead, but not in a noisy, exciting way. The farmers were getting established on the soil and becoming familiar with the conditions of life and nature in their new homes. The towns, which, as is always the case in new regions, had grown ahead of their supporting territory, were finding that the country was steadily growing up to them. Now the entire region is ready to make a long stride ahead. Crops have been good this season. The wheat was not hurt by frosts as in Eastern Dakota. Stock has increased in numbers so that nearly all the settlers have cattle, or sheep to sell. It has been found that the native Indian corn known as Ree corn, or squaw corn, does well, and with corn come hogs, as a new source of profit.

The settlers like the country and write to their





WESTERN DAKOTA.—COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, MANDAN.

friends in the East or in Europe that it is a good place to come to. The climate is as healthful as any in the world. The water is pure; fuel costs almost nothing; there is sandstone for building uses; buffalo and bunch grass grow luxuriantly; it pays to raise wheat, oats, barley and root crops and to keep stock; the look of the country is pleasing to the eye. Besides all this, free homesteads can still be had almost within sight of the railroad, and this is an advantage to be found at the present time nowhere else in the United States where the land is good for general farming. All these advantages strongly commend Western Dakota to the thousands of people who are looking for new homes in the West. To meet the need of such people for plain and truthful information this and the following articles have been prepared. The sketches

North Dakota look to the bridge as a focal point. Thus the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Saulte Ste. Marie road, known as the Soo Line, which has a completed road in Dakota beyond the James River Valley and a grade nearly finished to Bismarck, has an eye on the new regions west of the Missouri, and the road to the Black Hills now being surveyed, takes Mandan as its starting place. So great is the cost of bridging the river that the Northern Pacific bridge controls the railway situation in all Western Dakota lying north of the Sioux Reservation. The opening of the Reservation will eventually lead to the building of two bridges in South Dakota,

and information were obtained in the course of a ten days journey in early November made by our travelling party in the business car of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE.

Mandan, the Gate City.

There is only one railway bridge across the Missouri River in Dakota. That is the Bismarck-Mandan bridge of the Northern Pacific, which cost \$1,000,000. Three miles from the eastern end of this gigantic structure is Bismarck, the capital of the Territory. Three miles from its western end is Mandan, which may rightly claim the title of the Gate City of Western Dakota. All travel and traffic to and from points west of the river passes through Mandan. Plans for new railway enterprises in

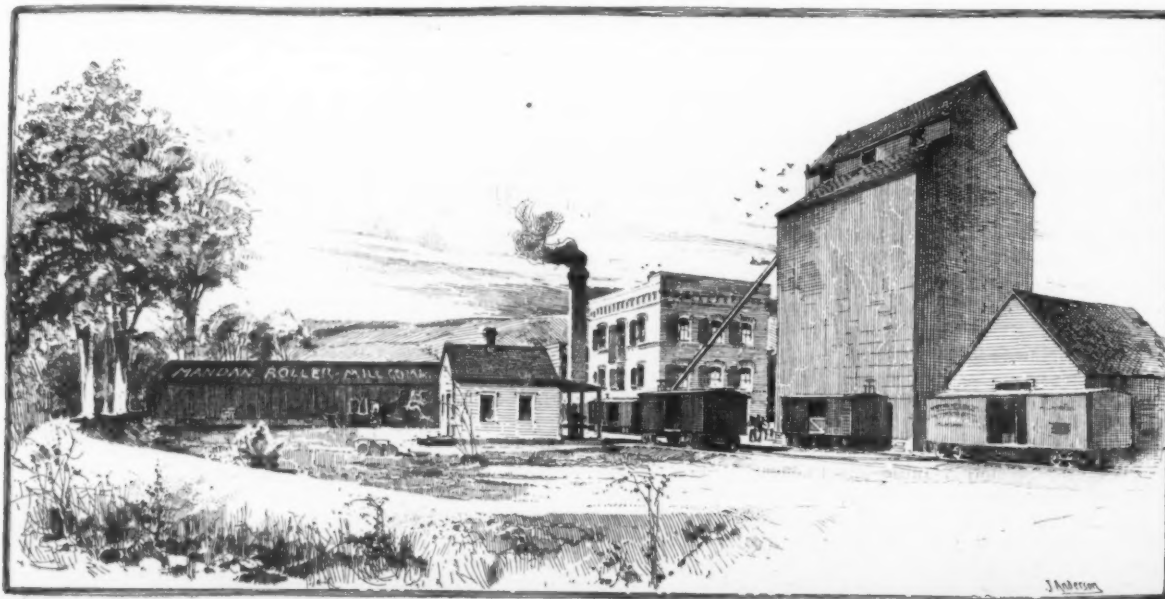
one for the Milwaukee system and one for the Chicago & Northwestern, but in North Dakota the existing bridge will no doubt serve as the only crossing of the Missouri for a long time to come.

Mandan's commanding position gives it an absolute certainty of a growth commensurate with the growth of the extensive farming and stock-raising region lying west and south of the Missouri and north of the reservation. Of this region it is now the trade capital and as such it will never have a rival. It stands in the gate and Western Dakota must necessarily pay tribute to its commercial establishments and its future factories. To this region it occupies precisely the relation that Omaha does to Nebraska, with but one point of difference and that one in its favor, namely, that there is no town north of it corresponding to Sioux City, with a bridge over the Missouri and railways reaching out westward into its Territory. Omaha has now 80,000 people, but I remember it when it was no larger than is Mandan to-day. Nebraska is twenty-five years older in its settlement than Dakota. Give Dakota a quarter of a century more of growth and you will see a considerable city at Mandan, if you live so long.

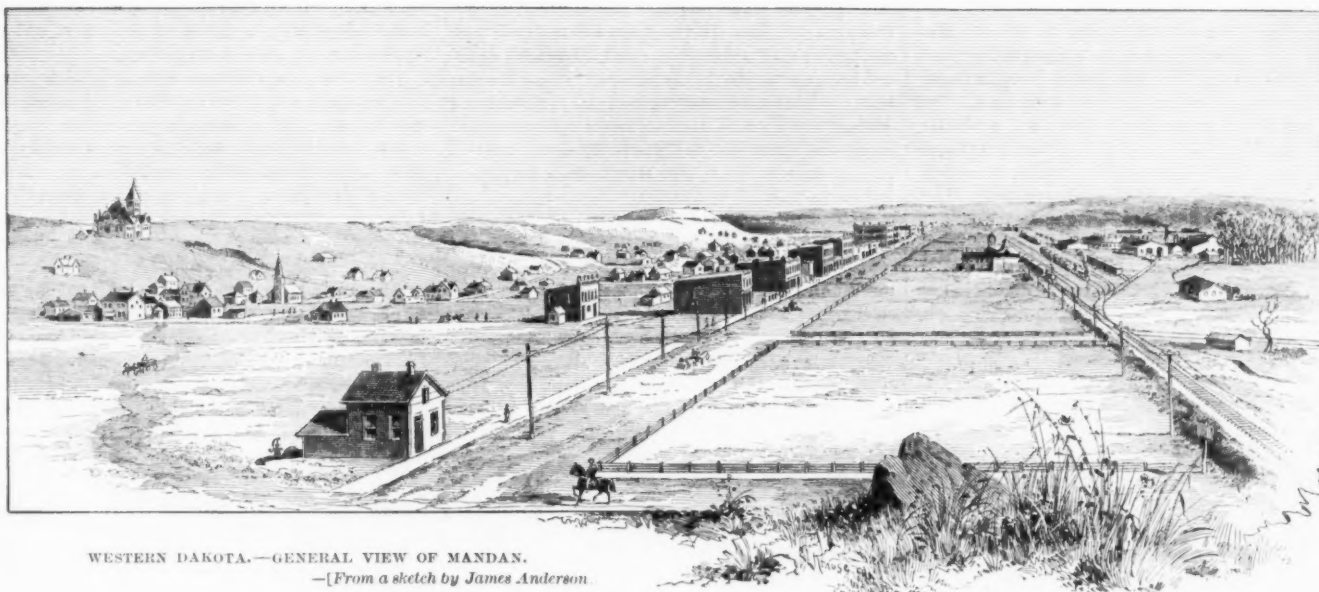


WESTERN DAKOTA.—THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT IN MANDAN.

Mandan has gone through the period of depression which seems to be an inevitable incident in the career of all new towns. It was built in advance of the settlement of its tributary country, but the country has already caught up with it and signs of new growth are already apparent. Business is on a solid footing, population is increasing and new concerns are coming in. The year 1889 will witness a decided advance in the affairs of the town. The trade of the place now reaches a hundred miles west, fifty miles north, and



WESTERN DAKOTA.—THE MANDAN ROLLER MILL COMPANY'S MILL AND ELEVATOR, MANDAN.



WESTERN DAKOTA.—GENERAL VIEW OF MANDAN.
—[From a sketch by James Anderson.]

south forty miles to the Indian country. Even the Indians are beginning to be producers, instead of loafers and beggars. They have raised a good deal of wheat this year, and it is no unusual sight now to see a "buck," who perhaps took part in the Custer massacre, come into town with a load of grain drawn by a yoke of oxen. He gets his money for the wheat at the mill and spends it at the stores sensibly for provisions and clothing for his family. It will not be many years after the Reservation is thrown open and the allotments of land are made to the Indians before most of the six thousand Sioux now inhabiting it will raise grain and cattle enough for their support.

Mandan is stretched along the railroad track for a mile, with an outlying suburb around the mill and elevator half a mile distant from its western end. The town is too much scattered for present comfort, but all the ground it covers or attempts to cover will be needed for the growth of the next five years. There are a number of solid brick buildings and a well-furnished three story hotel, now unfortunately in litigation and not kept open. The court house of Morton County, the largest organized county in Dakota, stands on a commanding position and is a creditable edifice. The main street, a mile long, faces for its entire length a public park, given to the town by the railroad company. Near the station is a little enclosure in which are kept black and white tail deer, antelope, a bear and a coyote. This menagerie belongs to Mr. Davis, who runs the railway dining rooms, and it always attracts a throng of interested spectators from the passengers on the trains which stop for meals. The fame of this menagerie appears to have reached Europe, for two ladies, on their way to the Pacific Coast, told Mr. Davis lately that a friend in Paris had said to them that they must not forget to get out of the train at Mandan and take a look at the animals.

The railway shops are an important factor in the trade and population of Mandan. Most of the mechanics are men of family and own comfortable homes in the town. A large force of train men also live here. The headquarters of the Dakota division of the N. P. are located in the handsome station building. Superintendent Green, speaking of the great increase of business on his division says that two years ago twelve freight train crews did all the work, and that he now employs twenty-seven. The division begins at Mandan and ends at Glendive, Montana, 216 miles west. The Mandan Roller Mill, Chas. H. Hood, Manager, has a capacity of 275 barrels per day and a reputation for making some of the strongest patent flour sent to Eastern markets from Dakota. The capacity of the elevator owned by the mill company is 65,000 bushels. Two newspapers are well

sustained. The *Pioneer*, with a daily and weekly edition, is owned and edited by R. M. Tuttle, the veteran journalist of the West Missouri Country, who is widely known throughout the Territory as a vigorous and independent political writer. The *Times* is a weekly edited by Mr. Cates, who was also early on the frontier with his press and has built up a good business.

About four miles south of Mandan, on the river, is the military post of Fort Abraham Lincoln, historic as the point of departure of Custer and his command for the campaign which ended in the massacre on the Little Big Horn. The wives of the officers remained at the fort and it was there that they received the terrible news that the whole command had been annihilated by the Sioux. The post is now garrisoned by three companies and the blue uniforms of the soldiers add to the picturesqueness of the street life in Mandan, while their trade is of no small value to the merchants.

Morton County has about 6,000 inhabitants and has room for 60,000. A great deal of Government land is still unclaimed and only a small part of the railroad land has been sold. The best opportunity for new settlers is to engage in stock-raising combined with farming on a small scale. Wheat gave a good yield this year and the high price makes the farmers happy. New comers intending to settle on the land should have sufficient means to start with a team and implements and with a few head of stock and also to pay household expenses for a year. Dakota air will do a good deal for people but it will not feed and clothe them. To open a farm on a free homestead quarter section is to create a property worth from one to two thousand dollars. A settler should not expect that while he is doing this he can at the same time support his family from the virgin prairie sod. Nowhere is a little money more needed than in beginning a new life in a new country, yet many immigrants arrive with almost no means and manage in



WESTERN DAKOTA.—PRODUCTS OF THE COUNTRY, MANDAN.

some way to pull through, but it is a long road and a hard road to prosperity.

The Heart River runs by Mandan to join the Missouri a short distance east of the town. On the banks of this stream there is a dense growth of small timber and underbrush, with an occasional sturdy oak. The wild grape vine grows in profusion and a Mandan

man is making a good wine from the fruit. Last season he sold this wine to the amount of \$150, charging \$1.25 per gallon.

A farmer near Mandan makes a close imitation of the little

lower end of the route, subscribing \$4,000 for the same purpose. The proposed line is called the St. Paul, Black Hills & Pacific Railroad, and will pass through a region abounding in coal, timber and water, and fine possibilities in agriculture. Those familiar with the route assert that the road can be constructed without heavy grades or expensive bridges, and when completed would put the Black Hills hundreds of miles nearer St. Paul and Duluth than by present rail connection.

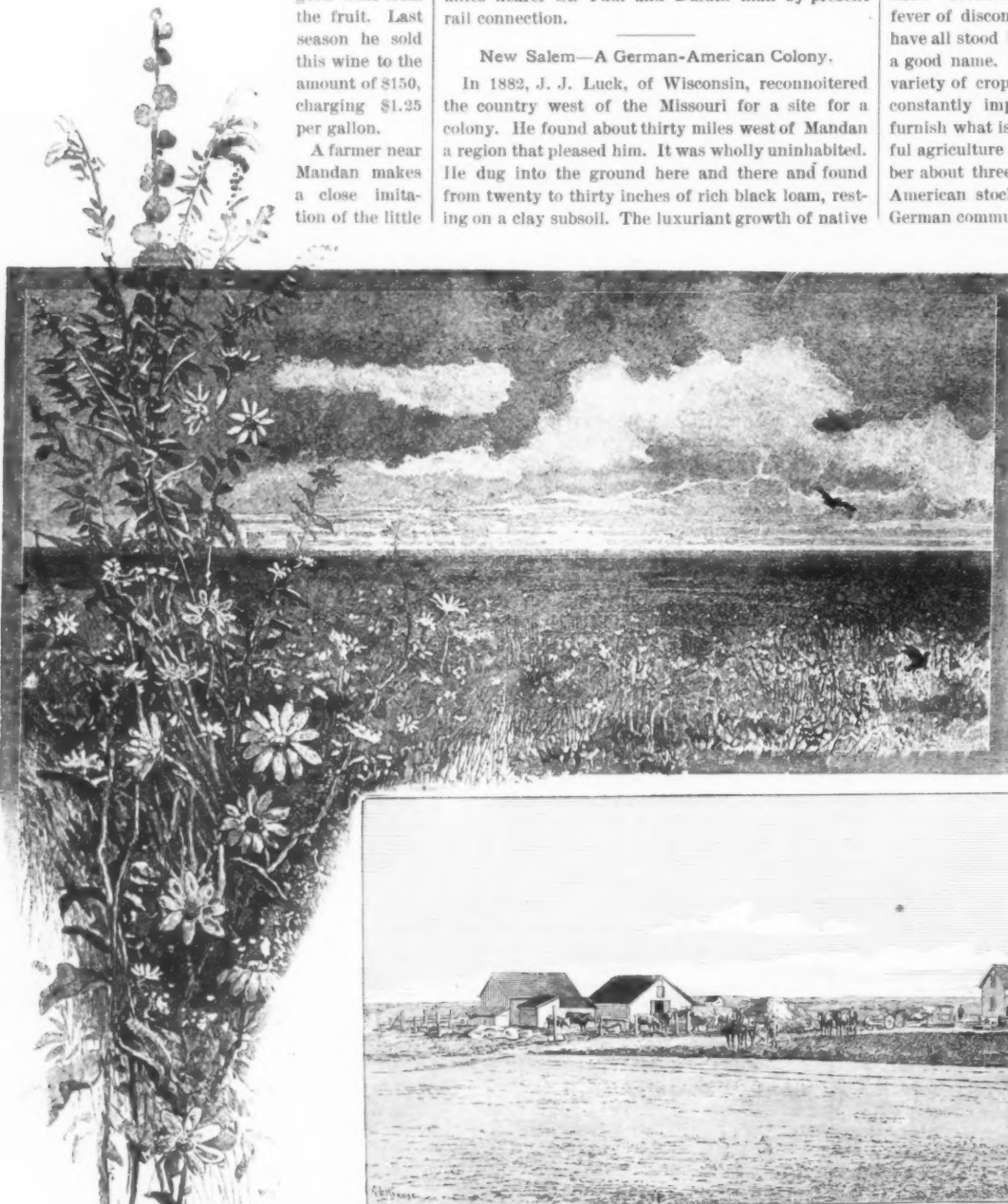
New Salem—A German-American Colony.

In 1882, J. J. Luck, of Wisconsin, reconnoitered the country west of the Missouri for a site for a colony. He found about thirty miles west of Mandan a region that pleased him. It was wholly uninhabited. He dug into the ground here and there and found from twenty to thirty inches of rich black loam, resting on a clay subsoil. The luxuriant growth of native

claims, and to break the sod. They were reinforced from time to time during the spring and summer and before winter set in a church had been built and the settlers were all comfortably housed.

This New Salem colony, with its undercurrent of religious faith and its strong bond of a common German ancestry, has steadily grown and has from the first enjoyed a high character for solidity and seriousness. None of the settlers have been seized with the fever of discontent, so common in the West. They have all stood by the settlement and united to give it a good name. They have subdued the soil, tried a variety of crops, brought in cattle, sheep and horses, constantly improved their claims, and to-day they furnish what is perhaps the best example of successful agriculture in Western Dakota. They now number about three hundred families, including a few of American stock and a few who came directly from German communities in Southern Russia. They feel that they have fairly overcome the hardships and privations incident to pioneering on the frontier and they look forward to a future of assured independence.

Wheat they find to be a fickle crop, as it is almost everywhere. This year the average yield in the settlement is thirteen bushels to the acre, and the high price makes the farmers happy, for they get a better money return for their labor than they did three years ago with a yield of twenty bushels to the acre. Oats always yield largely, Indian corn, of the flint variety as well as the Ree, does well and potatoes yield from 150 to 400 bushels to the acre. Barley has not been tried much, but should receive more attention in view of the large demands of the Milwaukee and St. Louis breweries and



WESTERN DAKOTA.—FRED WESZLING'S FARM, NEAR NEW SALEM.

THE VIRGIN PRAIRIE.

round Edam cheeses imported from Holland. Another living in the western part of the county is successfully making Swiss cheese. I heard of a German baron on the Heart River who gets a living raising vegetables, for the town market. The people of Mandan have taken the first steps looking to connection with the Black Hills country, by the organization of a railroad company, of which L. G. Johnson of Aberdeen is President; W. C. Houghton of same place, Secretary; Mandan furnishing the remaining officers in H. R. Lyon, as Treasurer; W. L. Richards, Chief Engineer and E. C. Rice, Counsel. The sum of \$2,500 was raised at Mandan to aid in paying the expenses of the preliminary survey, Rapid City, the

grasses attested the fertility of the land. The face of the country presented to the eye a pleasing succession of ridges and broad valleys, with occasional sharp pyramidal peaks rising a few hundred feet above the prairies. On the hillsides he discovered numerous outcroppings of coal. He returned to the East and in the course of the following winter organized in Wisconsin and Illinois a colony movement, principally among people of German birth who had resided some years in these States. Early in the following spring the advance guard of the colony, consisting of some score of families, were unloaded, with their household effects, upon the bare prairie. The next day was Sunday and religious services were held in the open air, with a wagon-box for a pulpit. Rude shelters were contrived for the women and children, a well was dug, and the colonists proceeded to select their

of the local market at the Bismarck brewery. Flax is successfully raised by many of the farmers, millet is an excellent fodder crop, and alfalfa has been tried with good results. Horses range all winter and come out in good condition in the spring without stabling or feeding. For cattle from one and a half to two tons per animal of prairie hay are needed for winter fodder. There is no better sheep country in the world. Fuel counts for almost nothing in the expenses of a family. The farmers dig their own supply from the outcroppings on the hill-sides, and the townspeople pay a dollar and a half a ton for digging and hauling.

In the village of New Salem there are three general merchandise stores, a harness shop, blacksmith shop, shoe shop and a small flouring mill, making twenty barrels a day. The miller has his own coal

mine, and the two tons of lignite consumed each day to feed his steam boiler cost him only sixty-five cents per ton for wages for the man who digs and hauls it.

About forty miles north of New Salem, on Knife River, is a settlement of about a hundred families, who have organized the county of Mercer, with Stanton as the county-seat. These people are Germans, German Russians and Americans. I think it

had formerly been the Manager, and who has been identified so closely with the lignite business in Dakota since the first coal discoveries that he is often called "Lignite Thompson," took up the enterprise at Sims opened new veins where the coal could be brought out almost on a level by mule power and where no pumping is required, and got the coal into general use as far east as Jamestown. It is now the

are of brick. This is so exceptional in a new country, where the early constructions are always of lumber and of a rather flimsy character as a rule, that passengers on the railroad are pretty sure to ask how this particular place comes by its substantial structures. The explanation is found in the existence of a bed of good clay near by and in fact that at the time Sims began to grow a big brick yard was es-



WESTERN DAKOTA.—VIEW OF NEW SALEM.—[From a sketch by James Anderson]

was a mistake for them to go so far from the railroad when there is so much unsettled country on the line of the road, but they say they have a fine country, with plenty of timber, plenty of coal, a good soil for farming and excellent stock ranges. There is a good route for a railroad from New Salem to Stanton and one will no doubt be built before many years.

Sims, a Coal Mining Town.

At Sims, in Morton County, thirty-five miles west of Mandan, the first systematic mining of lignite coal was begun in 1881 by Col. Bly, of Bismarck. The Northern Pacific management made persistent efforts to use this coal for locomotive fuel, mixing it with Ohio bituminous, but the engineers did not like it. They said they could not depend on it to get heavy freight trains up the grades; that it was too light and that the draft pulled much of it up the smoke stacks. After a time it was abandoned for locomotive uses

common fuel of Mandan, Bismarck and of the smaller towns on the railroad between Sims and Jamestown, and with lower freight rates is destined to make its way eastward as far as Fargo, and perhaps into Northern Minnesota. The cost of getting it out of the mine and on the cars is about one dollar per ton, and the price by the car load at Sims is \$1.50. Fifty cents margin is a good profit on a ton of coal if mined in large quantities. The mine shown in one of our artist's sketches is now putting out about seventy-five tons a day. It employs twenty-seven men under ground and has a six foot vein. Thompson is now opening another vein about half a mile distant. His brother, the superintendent, says that the whole country is underlaid with coal and that the only points of preference as to locating a mine are to get it near the railroad and on the side of a bluff so there will be no machinery required for hoisting. The quality is pretty nearly uniform, the thin veins being, if any-

established there to make brick for the capitol at Bismarck. Brick was cheaper than lumber when the yard was running and so the hotel, the store and the school house and the dwellings were all constructed of this material. The place overgrew at the time the N. P. Coal Company was spending money there liberally and a few houses are now vacant, but with the new operations of the Thompson brothers it is going ahead again. The surrounding country is a good deal broken by ranges of hills but there are good chances in it for cattle and sheep raising in connection with small farming.

Glenullen, a German and American Settlement.

Glenullen is fifty-eight miles west of Mandan. The first settlers staked off their claims in 1883 and in that and the following year over fifty families arrived. The settlement has grown steadily from this nucleus until it now numbers about 500 inhabitants, scattered



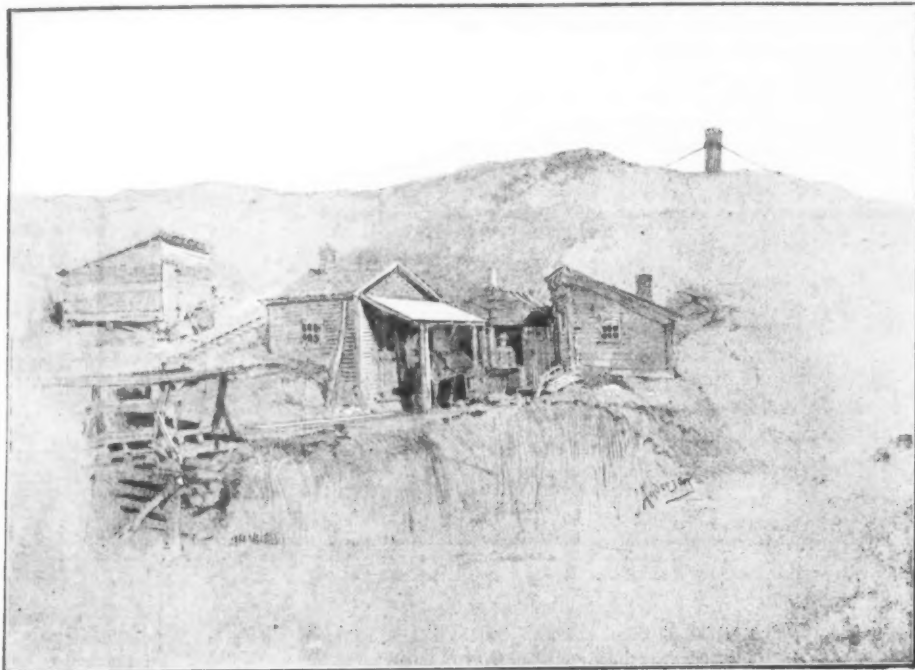
WESTERN DAKOTA.—LANDSCAPE NEAR NEW SALEM.—[From a sketch by James Anderson.]

but of its value for a domestic fuel and for stationary steam boilers there was never any doubt. Bly's mine, called by him the "Baby Mine," was purchased by the Northern Pacific Coal Company, new openings were made and a good deal of money was spent for pumping and hoisting machinery. The management was not economical and the company stopped work about two years ago, concentrating its capital and efforts on the mines in Montana and Washington Territory. Then C. J. Thompson, of Bismarck, who

thing a little better than the thick ones. A vein thick enough to allow one or two feet to be left as a hang wall to be supported by the timbers, is preferred. Above and below the lignite are strata of blue clay.

The village of Sims is mainly supported by the mines. There is some farming near by, but no well-settled country, although plenty of good land can be found subject to homestead entry. On the Heart River, twenty miles south, are a number of successful stock ranches. Nearly all the buildings in the town

over a belt of country nearly twenty miles long from north to south and about ten wide. In the village are three stores, a small mill, a grain buying house, and several mechanic shops. The people are about equally divided between the American and German elements, and the colony movement had its origin in Cleveland, Ohio, and the neighboring country. It was supposed at first that the level valley of the Curlew, where the village is located, would prove to be the best land but experience had shown that it is too



WESTERN DAKOTA.—COAL MINE AT SIMS.

strong in alkali and that the lands on the hill slopes both north and south of the valley are better suited for general farming. The wheat crop this year averaged about fourteen bushels to the acre. Indian corn, flax, barley, rye and millet are the other crops. Last year potatoes commanded so high a price in the East that many car loads were shipped to Chicago, but this year the Eastern price is pretty much all

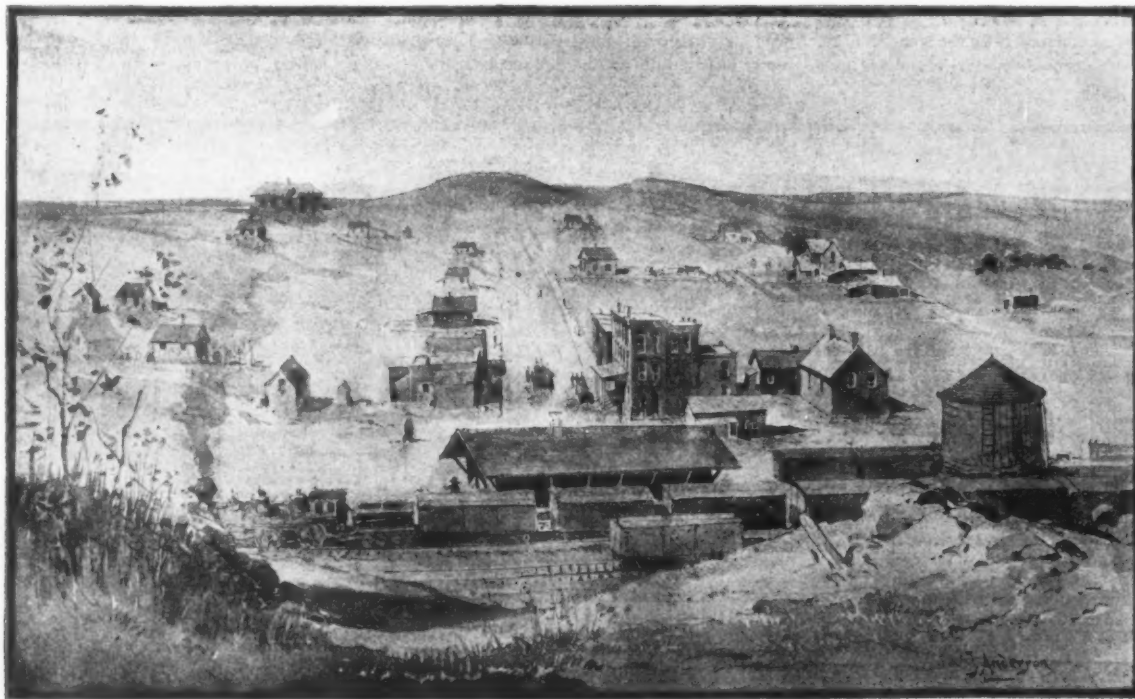
been but three deaths in the colony in five years and one of those was accidental. If it were not for the births he would have almost nothing to do. The Glenullen people are intelligent and sociable. They have a reading club to help while away the winter evenings, and many of the farmers come in with their wives to take part in it. The landlady of the hotel is a graduate of an Ohio seminary. The station

thinks there is no better country in the world for horses, cattle and sheep. About a ton and a half of hay, he says, will carry a cow through the winter. Steers require less, because they need not be stabled and will pick up a good deal of feed on the range. Horses will get sufficient feed all winter by pawing off the snow from the dried grass. The prairie grasses are remarkably nutritious and cure so perfectly in the dry air that animals begin to fatten in the spring before the new grass starts.

As in all the settlements west of the Missouri, coal seams are numerous in Glenullen. The farmers all mine their own fuel. In some of the seams the process of carbonization has been arrested so that the wood and bark of trees are plainly seen. I selected from a load of coal the doctor had just hauled in a slab which from its contour must have come from a tree at least ten feet in diameter. On one edge the slab was still wood, while the other was good black lignite. The country abounds in specimens of petrified wood. A ranchman, Mr. Wickham, kindly brought to our car a piece of petrified cedar about four feet long, in which the color and texture of old, dry wood is so perfectly preserved that no one would suspect it to be stone, unless he attempted to lift it. I have never seen a finer wood petrification.

Hebron.—Germans and German Russians.

Twelve miles west of Glenullen is Hebron, a colony of Germans and German-speaking Russians. The latter are from the province of Bessarabia, whither their ancestors went nearly a hundred years ago, with encouragement from the Czar, whose wife was a German princess, and who made special effort to attract German farmers to his thinly-peopled dominions. These Dakota immigrants say that the Russian Government has little by little taken away the special privileges given to their forefathers, and that taxes



WESTERN DAKOTA.—GENERAL VIEW OF SIMS.

consumed by the freight rate. At \$1.05 a bushel wheat is a profitable crop with this season's moderate yield and the settlers are greatly encouraged.

Everybody speaks of the remarkable health of this Western Dakota region. People who came as half invalids are now robust. The doctor says there have

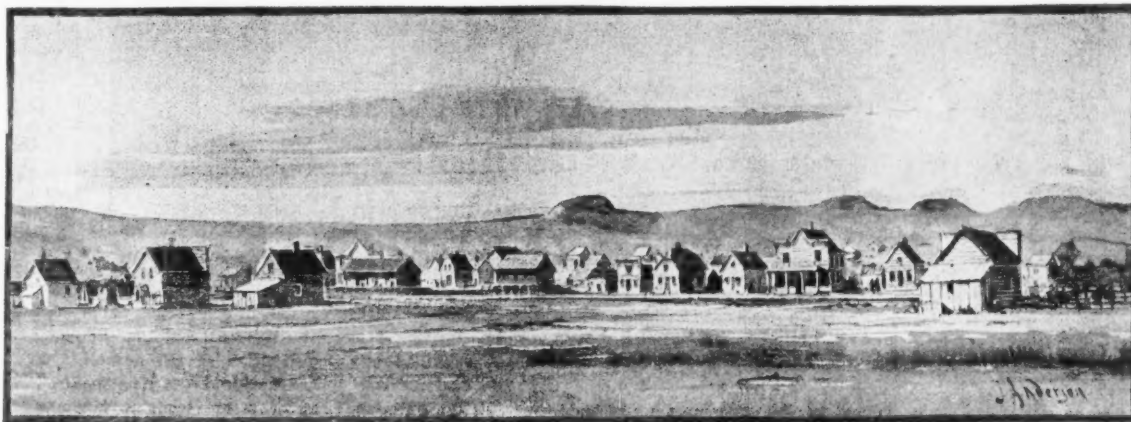
agent is an educated lady from Pennsylvania, who works the telegraph instrument and attends to baggage, express, freight and ticket business, has a home-stead claim and owns cattle and sheep. The doctor is from Cleveland, Ohio. The leading merchant is a German. The grain buyer owns a stock ranch and

are heavy and the military conscription oppressive. Hence they have sought new homes in the free American West. They are an exceedingly thrifty and industrious people, with a wholesome dread of debt. Their houses and barns are mostly built of sod, and with this material they have a knack of construct-

ing a solid, comfortable and not unsightly building. In the middle of the living room they construct a big stove of stones and mortar, which will burn wood, coal, or even straw, if need be. Until they get money to buy lumber, they pound down the dirt to make a hard floor. It is a saying in this region that a Russian will build a house without buying anything but a door and a few panes of glass. In religion they

and ways of the people. The favorite outer garment of the men in winter is a long sheep-skin coat, worn with the wool inside. The wool is curled and dyed a jet black, and the leather side of the garment is well-tanned and of a russet color. The village has a single store, a hotel, a blacksmith shop and a Lutheran church. The preacher is something of a physician and practices the cure of bodies as well as of souls.

He feeds his cattle only two months of the year. Last winter his colts were fed only two days, getting a good living the rest of the time from the dried prairie grasses. His fodder for cattle is millet, wild hay and Southern ensilage corn, cut and bound with a reaper and stacked. In the East corn fodder cannot be put up in this way, but in Dakota the dry air cures the stalks and leaves perfectly. Mr. Underhill says



WESTERN DAKOTA.—VIEW OF GLENULLEN.—[From a sketch by James Anderson.]

are Lutherans. Their fellow colonists from Germany are of three sects, Lutherans, Catholics and Baptists.

The Hebron settlers were pretty hard pressed last year when the drought made the wheat crop a partial failure, but this year with a fair crop and the highest price ever paid in Dakota, they have paid their store debts and look upon the problem of life in a new country as fully solved. Their stock is paying them well. They understand the care of cattle and sheep and their herds and flocks are increasing rapidly.

The Hebron settlement numbers about 500 inhabitants and is constantly receiving accessions. Good homestead claims can still be had within five or six miles of the railroad. These foreigners appreciate the ownership of land much better than do Americans. They are proud of their farms and are con-

Hebron impressed me as a solid, creditable effort at Dakota settlement, which is sure to grow and prosper. It can be especially commended to Germans who know how to farm and raise stock and who want to live where the language of the Fatherland is the common speech.

Antelope, Richardton and Taylor.

These settlements lie along the line of the railroad, west of Hebron and east of Gladstone. The country is rolling prairie, pleasing to the eye because of the variety of the surface—plains, hills and valleys alternating—and attractive to the experienced farmer, because of the evident fertility of the brown loam soil and the heavy growth of buffalo, bunch and other grasses. The pioneer settlers came in during the years of 1883 and 1884. Antelope has as yet devel-

he can make better butter from the Dakota grasses than can be made in Orange County, New York, which, as everybody knows is famed for its fine dairy products.

Richardton, 561 miles from St. Paul and ninety-five from Mandan, is a German settlement founded in 1883 by Richards Bros. the New York agents of the Hamburg Steamship Company. A sprinkling of American families have joined the German colonists. In the village there are two general merchandise stores, a church, hotel, school house and about a dozen dwellings. A fine sweep of gently sloping prairie stretches off to the North and South. Mr. Norberg, the pioneer merchant, and also an extensive farmer, says that while wheat will yield as much per acre in a series of years as in the Eastern States, stock



WESTERN DAKOTA.—VIEW OF HEBRON.—[From a sketch by James Anderson.]

stantly writing to relatives and friends in their old homes that good land can be had in Dakota for the taking, and urging them to come and join the colony. They are satisfied with the climate and soil and never talk of moving on. There is not much to picture or describe in the village, but a drive in the country among the farms is full of interest, from the odd architecture of the houses and the quaint costume

opened no village, the farmers going to the stores at Richardton to trade. They are chiefly Americans, Pennsylvania being most largely represented. T. S. Underhill, a former resident of Williamsport, in that State, has a large stock farm, with a stone basement barn, extensive sheds and other good improvements, four miles from Antelope station. He is raising Norman horses and Holstein and Polled Angus cattle.

should be the main reliance of the farmer in this region. So nutritious are the native grasses that cows that have been stabled in the winter grow fat and frisky on the dead grasses when the snow goes off before the new grass starts. Mr. Norberg lost a number of horses once and found them early the following spring in good condition. They had gone through a cold winter on the prairies, without shelter and with



WESTERN DAKOTA.—VIEW OF RICHARDTON.—[From a sketch by James Anderson.]

only such feed as they got for themselves by pawing the snow off the grass.

An Iowa farmer newly settled near Richardton, says that there is no better country in the world for sheep and that farmers can double every year the money invested in a flock. It takes time and capital to engage in raising cattle or horses, but with a little money put into sheep the settler can obtain quick and large returns. Free homestead land can be had within four or five miles of Richardton, just as good for general farming and stock-raising as that already claimed. Lignite coal abounds and is used in cooking and other stoves by all the settlers.

Taylor, six miles west of Richardton, is a small village in the midst of an excellent farming country. A large valley about six miles north of the station is settled by Germans, the other settlers in the township being chiefly Americans. One farmer averaged twenty-two bushels of wheat to the acre this year; another boasts of harvesting the champion crop in all the West Missouri country, having threshed thirty-three and a third bushels to the acre. A cheese factory has lately been established in the German settlement, making Swiss cheese, and using a wind-mill for power. The enterprising owner brought in a number of cows and sold them to the farmers, agreeing to take his pay in milk. This little factory is a blessing to the neighborhood. Small forests of oak trees are found in the breaks of the hills north of Taylor. These bits of woodland were early claimed by the settlers. There are countless outcroppings of lignite.

Gladstone, on Green River.

The attractive site of the village of Gladstone is an evident point in its favor. It stands on a south-sloping plateau about fifty feet above the narrow valley of Green River, a tributary of the Heart, and from every part of the plateau there are inspiring views of a wide extent of fertile country, made picturesque by many buttes and ridges on the

horizon. The country would be called "broken" in a general description, but it is not so uneven as to be unfit for agriculture. On the sides on the ridges are broad slopes where the land lies well for tillage, and where a deep brown loam invites cultivation. This year there was a good yield of all the small grains and much Indian corn was raised. Potatoes grew to

capacity of fifty barrels. It makes two grades of flour, the "Bonanza" and the "Eureka," the former being equal to the best Minneapolis flour. The product is partly sold in the neighborhood, and considerable shipments are made to Montana. A large wheat warehouse has been erected on the railroad by Lee Brothers this fall to hold the grain they buy at other points for the mill.

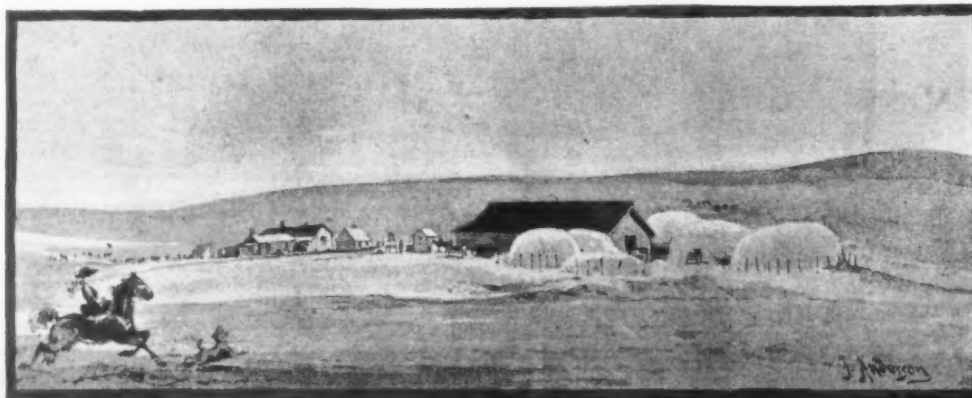
In the neighborhood of Gladstone are deposits of magnetic iron ore, not yet explored, which may prove of value in the future. They are large enough to bother the surveyors by causing troublesome deflexions of the needles in their compasses and specimens of outcroppings that have been examined prove to be a promising richness. Another possible basis for future industrial enterprises are the numerous deposits of sesquioxide of iron, the substance from which mineral paint is made. This mineral

is of a brownish yellow color in its natural state, and is easily ground to a fine powder. Experiments made by J. S. Letts, one of the pioneer settlers of Gladstone, show it to be the genuine article. Some of the deposits are four or five feet in thickness. The cost of mining would be trifling. The region is full of interest to the geologist. Coal crops out along

a great size and gave an extraordinary yield. All the settlers have made preparations to increase their acreage of tilled land next year by doing new breaking. The tone of the settlement is cheerful and confident. In the village there are two general merchandise stores, a hardware store, dealing also in agricultural implements, a drug store, a roller mill, two churches,



WESTERN DAKOTA.—VIEW OF GLADSTONE.—[From a sketch by Anderson.]



WESTERN DAKOTA.—FARM NEAR GLADSTONE.

a newspaper called the Stark County Herald, a hotel and a public school building.

The Gladstone mill is the only one in the county, and is such a decided convenience and benefit to the settlers that it deserves particular mention. It is owned by Lee Brothers, Robert Lee being the resident partner, and manager, his partner, Charles Lee, living in East Saginaw, Michigan. The mill is built of stone quarried on the banks of Green River, is run by steam, cost \$15,000 and has a daily

the river banks. Antimony ore is found. Curious petrifications abound. The effects of the action of both fire and water are plainly discernible. To the farmer and stockman this section of Dakota offers many advantages. Homestead land can be had within three or four miles of the railroad and the settler going in now need not go more than five or six miles to find locations as good as any that have been taken. A few miles further out there will be open ranges for horses, cattle and sheep for several years to come. Our artist's sketch gives a pretty good idea of the picturesque character of the country south of Gladstone and in another picture a farm scene near the town is depicted.

Hon. Charles S. Wolf, one of the foremost political leaders in Pennsylvania, made a tour of Dakota last year for the purpose of making an investment in land. The two places he selected for putting his money, were Bismarck, where he bought a section of hay land, and Gladstone, where he purchased a half section of fine farming land adjoining the town.

Dickinson.

Dickinson is a good example of successful town-building in the far West. It has grown steadily without the aid of real estate speculation or any of the arts of advertising so often employed to push new towns ahead of their supporting territory. In 1881 it consisted of a section-house, a water-tank and a single farm house. In 1882 the first store was erected. In 1883 a newspaper was established, and a desperate adventure it seemed at the time, for there were hardly

not get sticky after rains. There is no season of impassable roads. In two or three days after the snow goes off the wheeling is everywhere good. In winter there is ordinarily nearly three months of sleighing. Autumn is the most agreeable season. Nine days out of ten, at least, are days of unclouded skies. Plowing goes on until the middle of November, and there are no drawbacks to the pleasure of open-air life, unless the wind should blow strongly from the North and you have to face it on a long drive.

Seeding is done in latter April or early May as soon as the ground is free from frost for a depth of four or five inches. The moisture from the thawing ground below gives the grain a start. Usually there is little or no rain till June, when copious showers fall just at the time needed. No more rain is expected until after harvest, unless it be a mere sprinkling from a passing thunder-cloud. The annual rain-fall would come far short of being sufficient for agriculture if it were distributed throughout the months from April to November as in the Eastern States, but here it is mostly concentrated in a few weeks. There has never been a bad failure of crops in this region. Even in the year of phenomenal drouth the settlers got some return in wheat and oats for their labor. The common belief is that the rainfall is increasing. This year there was enough for any sort of a crop. Still the region is a little too far west and too near the borders of the dry region of Montana, where irrigation is essential to agriculture, to be regarded as a future country of large wheat farms, like the Red River Valley. Its advantages are for stock raising and mixed farming

The railroad lands are mostly in the hands of the company still, except in the immediate vicinity of the town, and are sold at prices ranging from three to four dollars per acre.

Next to the court house the new building of the Stark County Bank is the most expensive structure in Dickinson. It is solidly built of brick and well-finished. The officers of the bank are H. J. Whitley, president, and A. Hilliard, cashier. The directors contemplate making a national bank of this institution at an early day.

South Heart, Belfield and Medora.

South Heart and Belfield and N. P. stations west of Dickinson with small farming settlements around them. They offer to new comers plenty of free government land for farming and unlimited open range for stock.

Medora is a cattle town in the midst of the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. The river, a small muddy stream most of the year and a raging brown torrent in early spring and after the June rains, runs by the town. All around are the cliffs, buttes and canyons of the Bad Lands, a fantastic region, scorched by fire and preserved by swirls of water in old geologic ages, streaked with strata of red scoria, blue and yellow clay and black lignite and abounding in petrified trunks and stumps, witnesses to a time when the country was submerged and long soaked in a mineral impregnated lake. Just what happened to this singular region in the era of catastrophe geologists are not agreed. It is not yet quite through with its torments for at several points subterranean fires are



WESTERN DAKOTA.—VIEW OF DICKINSON.—[From a sketch by Anderson.]

a hundred inhabitants to draw on for support. That year the railroad shop built a small shop and made the town the terminus of two freight divisions. The one farm of 1888 belonged to Hon. W. S. Dickinson, of St. Lawrence County, New York, and its success, under the management of his brother, attracted settlement to the handsome rolling prairies surrounding the new town. The most helpful impetus which Dickinson received was from the cattle trade. The place was a convenient shipping station for a large extent of range lying north and northwest, on the Little Missouri and the Lower Yellowstone and the stockmen and their cow boys were liberal customers at the business houses. So trade increased and flourished and the town grew from year to year until it can now count at least a thousand residents.

This is a solid and creditable result of seven years growth for a place well out on the frontier of farming settlement in Western Dakota, and one with so little developed country around it that the skirmish line of pioneer farms can almost be seen from its streets. Surely the Dickinson people have good reason for predicting the expansion of their village into a large town when the prairies shall be filled with settlers. These prairies are upheaved in wave-like ridges, alternating with broad and nearly level valleys. Here and there are higher ridges with an occasional flat-topped or conical butte rising to a height of three or four hundred feet above the general level. The soil is a brown loam, which is easy to cultivate and does

on a comparatively small scale. It is a good country for a homestead settler who will keep cattle, horses and sheep, putting up corn fodder and millet as well as wild hay, and cultivating small fields of wheat, oats and barley. The climate is wonderfully invigorating. Many settlers say that the new sense of robust health they enjoy more than compensates them for the lack of such comforts and social pleasures as are wanting on the frontier.

Dickinson people feel proud of the handsome court house of Stark County, of their elegant public schools, of the new Stark County Bank building and of the steadily increasing number of pretty residences which tell of a settled home-life. Cheap fuel is an advantage enjoyed in common with all the settlements in Western Dakota. An enormous vein of lignite has recently been opened near the railroad a few miles east of the town at a place called Lehigh and shipments are now made to the station east and west. The settled country only extends five miles south and about seven miles north of the town. Beyond it is all vacant and the even-numbered sections are all open to the homestead and pre-emption entry. When the next tide of Dakota immigration begins to flow this region will fast fill up with farmers and stockmen. Settlers who come next year a little in advance of the tide will secure the best locations, such as those along the Green and Heart rivers, where there is plenty of water for stock or in places where coal crops out and where they can mine their fuel on their own claims.

still burning, seen down deep crevices when the wind blows away the sulphurous smoke.

Medora had a short season of rapid growth when that charming French nobleman and rather visionary man of business, the Marquis de Mores made it the seat of his slaughtering and beef-shipping enterprise. The big abattoir is silent and deserted now, and is presumably the property of his creditors. The brick hotel is closed, and so is the Marquis, chateau on the hill and there is small use for the brick church he built. The local newspaper, with its picturesque name of the *Bad Lands Cow Boy*, is no more. The cattle ranches in the neighboring country are prosperous, however, and the region has been made famous of late by the writings of Theodore Roosevelt in the *Century Magazine*. Mr. Roosevelt has a ranch a few miles from Medora and comes out every spring to look after his cattle and to hunt. He is an ardent sportsman, a daring rider and a good shot. In the fall he exchanges his buckskin suit for fashionable attire, returns to the drawing-rooms, clubs and political and literary coteries of the East, and is once more the polished man of the world. His transformations are almost as sudden and astonishing as those of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Roosevelt saves Medora from desolation now that the Marquis is gone, and his cow boys and those of his neighbors on the Bad Land ranges support what trade remains in the little town and now and then give an old time rollicking air of frontier festivity to its saloons.

The New England Settlement.

In the winter of 1886-7 the "New England Colony Association for Dakota" was organized in Boston. During the previous year one of the members of the association, Capt. Bruce, had looked at the country west of the Missouri and reported favorably on the lands in the unorganized county of Hettinger, south of Dickinson. As soon as the snow went off T. W. Bicknell, G. E. Graham and Capt. Bruce arrived in Dickinson and taking a team and camp equipage made a careful examination of Hettinger. They found a rolling prairie, much diversified by picturesque ranges of hills and bold buttes, and traversed from east to west by the North Fork of the Cannon Ball River. It was all uninhabited, save by a single stockman named Shepherd and a former buffalo hunter, Geo. Muzzy. They were pleased with the look of the country the character of the soil, the heavy growth of prairie grasses, the frequent outcroppings of lignite coal along the river banks and with what they learned about the mildness of the winters as compared with those of Eastern Dakota. They obtained from the Northern Pacific Railroad Company an option on all the railroad lands in the county, not an acre of which had been sold, and also on two tiers of townships of railroad land in the county of Billings, adjoining Hettinger on the west.

Returning to Boston they organized a party of

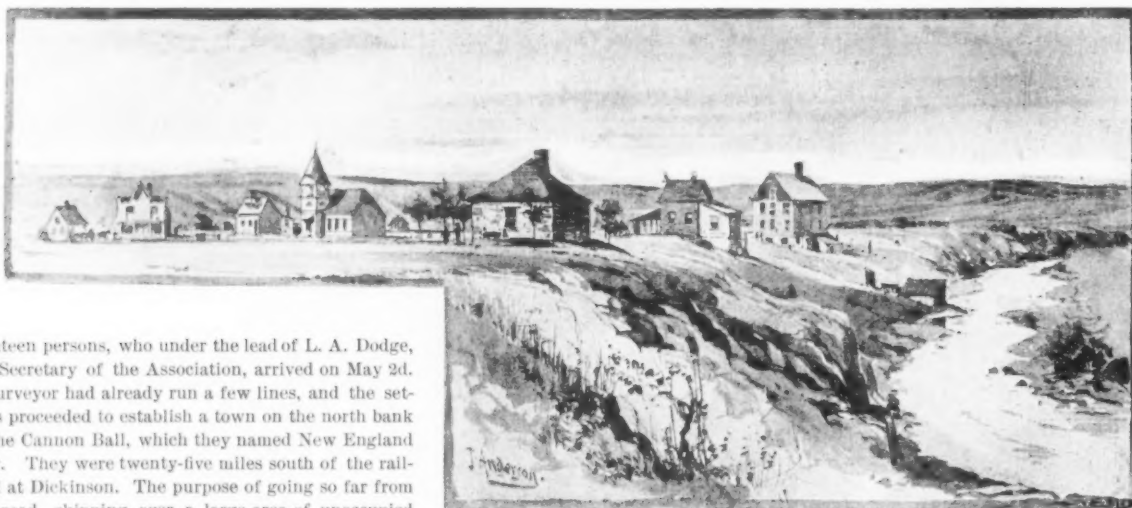
thought exclusive. While their special appeal for more colonists is made in New England they cordially welcome industrious settlers from any section or of any nationality. They claim for Hettinger County that it has more good, unoccupied land than any other county in Dakota and that it has a larger area of tillable soil than any county west of the Missouri. A railroad has been surveyed through the county from Mandan to the Black Hills. Another road is projected from Dickinson south through New England City to a junction with the Black Hills line. Settlement will follow these roads and the colonists will not be much longer isolated.

I always like to see things for myself and not depend on the accounts of other people. The reports I heard in Dickinson were not favorable to the success of the New England colony, and these reports confirmed my resolution to face the November winds and make the long drive across the bleak country to the settlement. I suspected that they originated with a few people, who came out to Dakota from New England cities, with no experience in farming and no faculty of adapting themselves to the conditions of western prairie life. There is always a percentage of such people in new Dakota settlements. They seem to have imagined, when they left their old homes, that it was only necessary to go West to get a living without much work. Dakota soil and Dakota

his mother, a blacksmith, a shoe-maker, a minister, an editor and a number of farmers. All spoke well of the country and its prospects. They had raised a little wheat, getting a yield of from twelve to twenty bushels to the acre, some good flint corn on the sod, some oats and quantities of potatoes and turnips. They spoke of the remarkable nutritious properties of the native grasses, and showed me their coal, specimens of pipe clay, mineral paint and many curious petrefaction. The editor, M. L. Ayers, a young man from Vermont, calls his paper the *Rainy Butte Sentinel*, from the big, flat-topped butte which is the most prominent land mark in the region. This butte is about 400 feet in altitude above the prairies and its table-like summit has an area of perhaps a thousand acres. There are many other buttes in sight, conical ones, pyramidal ones and flat ones, but Rainy is the monarch of them all.

Settlers who contemplate joining the New England colony next year should arrange to take in cattle or sheep, or both. The abundant feed and the dry, invigorating winter climate make this an excellent stock country. The rain-fall is rather light for an exclusively farming country. Wheat will probably average as well in a series of years as in New England or Ohio, but it should not be depended upon as the only market crop. Hettinger County lies far enough south to be within the corn belt, and the

settlers have raised good corn this year on the sod. The settler who can start with a few cattle a small flock of sheep and a few pigs, and who will break up forty acres of his 160 acre homestead claim and put it in wheat, corn, oats and millet, cannot fail to succeed, with a fair endowment of industry and economy. He will find no fault with the climate if he comes from any Northern State. The winters are less trying than those of New England, there is no long, stormy, muddy season in the Spring, the summer heats are tempered by constant breezes



WESTERN DAKOTA.—VIEW IN THE NEW ENGLAND SETTLEMENT, ON THE CANNONBALL RIVER.—[From a sketch by James Anderson.]

eighteen persons, who under the lead of L. A. Dodge, the Secretary of the Association, arrived on May 2d. A surveyor had already run a few lines, and the settlers proceeded to establish a town on the north bank of the Cannon Ball, which they named New England City. They were twenty-five miles south of the railroad at Dickinson. The purpose of going so far from the road, skipping over a large area of unoccupied country, was to be able to organize a new county and control the land and settlement in it. By locating on the Cannon Ball they obtained the abundant and pure water of the river for stock and, besides, secured an attractive and picturesque site for their town. With the true New England spirit they built a church and a school house and established a newspaper. They had to pay \$30 a thousand for good pine lumber at Dickinson, and haul it from the railroad, but they were not as parsimonious in its use as are many new settlers in Dakota, and their houses are larger and better built than are those of a larger majority of farmers in prairie countries.

For fuel they had only to back up their wagons against the coal seams jutting out along the river bluffs and do a little easy mining with a pick and shovel. This lignite is hard and clean and can be taken out in large chunks. It does not crumble unless exposed to the weather for a considerable time. For heating properties it is about half way between dry oak wood and good Ohio bituminous coal. It does not have an offensive sulphur smell like the Iowa coal.

A few families joined the settlement last spring and summer, but it is still only a little kernel of population in the midst of vast, vacant spaces. The kernel is sound and vital, however, and will soon show a vigorous growth. It has the elements of success—a good country for mixed farming and stock-raising and the right kind of people at the start. All the colonists are New England people, except two German families. They do not, however, wish to be

air were going to fill their pockets and their stomachs, in some magical way. Faced with the hard realities of pioneer life such settlers are pretty sure to leave their claims after a few months and drift into the towns where they can earn wages.

The artist and myself set out from Dickinson at one o'clock, and a tough little team, that never slackened its fast trot except once, in crossing a rocky ridge, brought us to New England City at dark. South of Dickinson settlement extends only five miles, and thence on to New England City we saw but one house. For the last ten miles the country had all been blackened by prairie fires, but the colonists on the Cannon Ball had saved some thousands of acres of grass for their stock by plowing fire breaks. The artist had a shot gun and we borrowed a rifle from the livery man, so we were well equipped for game, but we got no shooting save at hawks, and jack rabbits. We drove through a village of prairie dogs, said to be the only one in this region. The prairie fires had driven all the antelope out of the country which the Sioux Indians had failed to find on their big hunting expedition last summer.

As I supposed, the discouraging reports about the settlement were exaggerations. I found at the "city" a very pretty church, a store, a stone school house, a cosy little hotel kept by a former Maine sailor and

and the autumns are delightful as late as the middle of November. The Boston office of the New England Colony Association is at 339 Washington Street. For information from the settlement direct, write to the Editor of the *Sentinel*, New England City, Hettinger County, Dakota.

FOREBODINGS.

The flowers of summer bloom, and fade, and die—
The golden hours flit all too swiftly by,
The autumn winds and winter snows are nigh—
Is this the end?

We drink the wine of life—a little while—
We drain the cup—the fates no longer smile,
They point to chasms 'neath a steep delf—
Is this the end?

We work and wait through weary months and years,
Through hours of joy and centuries of fears,
Until the hopes of youth dissolve in tears—
Is this the end?

We would essay the heights that lead to fame,
We dream of glory, an immortal name,
But, ah! earth's chilling blast soon quench the flame—
Is this the end?

We live, and love, perhaps, for one brief day,
Our star send forth a beauteous dazzling ray—
But soon the splendor melts in mist away—
Is this the end?

When in the vineyard there's no grain to reap,
And when, at last, we sighing fall asleep,
When silence closes round us, vast and deep—
Is this the end?

EVENING IN DAKOTA.

The wind dies down,
The air is fresh and fragrant. The budding trees
Exhausted by the long, unbroken pressure,
Uplift their drooping leaves and drink the dew
That gives them nourishment and sustenance.

The boisterous wind
Is stilled at last, as though worn out
By its own turbulence. The flagging heart revives;
The tensioned nerves relax their rigorous strain
Easing the fevered brow and throbbing pulse.

The placid stars
In far-off azure heights, peep slyly out
And to the tired eyes bring soothing sleep.
A sense of rest pervades the atmosphere—
Nature seems hushed in quiet thankfulness.

S. T. CLOVER.

NORTH OF BISMARCK.

A Wagon Journey Through Burleigh and McLean Counties, Dakota.

For a companion on a journey northward from Bismarck, into the verge of unsettled country, I was fortunate in having John A. Rea, late Register of the Land Office. During his eight years' service as Register Mr. Rea located nearly all the settlers now living in the Bismarck District; and having an old newspaper man's love of facts and memory for persons, he knows pretty much everybody and everything in that region. He has recently gone back to his former profession of journalism and is now the Dakota special correspondent of the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*. We set out one afternoon in late October in a "Democrat wagon." The name of this vehicle appears to have a social rather than a political significance. It is a broad guage affair, with stout springs, two wide seats and room under the seats and in the rear of the box to store a good deal of baggage, provisions, bedding, or whatever else the traveler may wish to take with him. Our driver was a reformed Montana cowboy inclined to boast of his exploits as a hard rider. He insisted that a blanket on the floor of a cabin or on the ground in the open air was to be preferred to any bed—a matter of taste which we remembered that night, for Rea and I took the spare bed at the ranchman's house where we stopped and assigned the driver quarters on the floor.

We steered north-east from Bismarck, with the purpose of getting well out on the frontier of settlement in that direction by night-fall. I was surprised to find so few people living on the land close to Dakota's capital city. The railroad sections are almost without exception unoccupied and are owned by people in the East who exchanged Northern Pacific preferred stock for them several years ago and who now hold them at prices which no settlers are willing to pay. The Government sections are all claimed, and most all occupied, for about twelve miles out from the town, but further on the farms are widely scattered, with great vacant spaces of prairie between them. Twenty miles drive brought us to the outposts of cultivation in that direction—a settlement of three families. The face of the country is rolling prairie, with occasional ridges and buttes, and long stretches of handsome valley between the ridges. All the land save on the crests of the hills is highly fertile.

Just before sunset we pulled up at a little house containing one room and a kitchen. There was a group of wheat stacks near by and a large sod stable, and the place looked home-like, but we could discover no living creatures except five black cats. Three of them sat on the door-step and two on the window-sill. Probably the farmer and his family were at work in a distant field. We drove on to the next house, the only painted structure and the only two-story one seen in the afternoon's journey. In front of the door sat four black cats. This began to look uncanny. The whole country seemed to be possessed by black cats. However, the ranchman soon appeared and made us welcome. So did two small boys, whose plump, rosy cheeks spoke well for the Dakota climate. The ranchman said the women-folks had gone to town the day before, and that he

expected them back that evening. He replenished the kitchen fire with chunks of lignite coal which he had hauled from a mine a few miles distant. His fuel costs him only a \$1.50 a ton at the mine, he said. This lignite is evidently a great blessing to the settlers. It is solid and free from slate and dirt, makes no clinkers and does not slack if kept under cover. It was dark when the "women folks" arrived. They brought three babies with them, increasing the infantile population of the house to five. The ladies were chatty and cordial, and in a short time had an excellent supper on the table. One was the wife of a neighboring ranchman whose house had been burned a fortnight before. He was insured and the calamity did not seem to worry her. Our host and his wife were Connecticut people, from Middletown. He had found what he came to Dakota for—good health—something he had never been blessed with in his old home. Besides, he had the best farm-house in the county, warm buildings for his stock, good grass and running water on his land and had successfully raised cattle, horses and sheep; still, with the restlessness that characterizes the American born element in the West, he wanted to move on and had already sold off his stock with a view of going to the Pacific Coast. He set us on our way in the frosty morning, pointing to a brown streak that ran up a fire-blackened hill-slope as the road that would take us to the Hawley coal mine. We now journeyed westward towards the Missouri River, passing a settler's homestead every mile or two. North us lay a rolling prairie newly-surveyed and as yet entirely uninhabited. This region is all fertile and easily tillable and offers plenty of free government land to pioneer settlers. The only drawback is the distance from the railroad and that will disappear in a year or two when a Northern Pacific branch is built through northern Burleigh and McLean counties.

I had heard good reports of the Hawley mine, discovered by a settler when sinking a well on his claim. At the mine we found a sod building for protecting the stock of coal, a tent where the miners lived, a slope descending to a depth of perhaps forty feet below the surface, up which the coal was hauled on a tramway by a horse, and at the bottom of the slope a seven-foot vein of good, hard, clean lignite, in which a party of four miners had excavated two rooms. This is the best lignite I have seen in Dakota, but as there is no way of getting it out to market, it is mined only in a small way for sale to neighboring settlers, who pay for it the very moderate price of a dollar and a half per ton. The mine is about two miles from the surveyed line of an N. P. branch, leaving the main line at Menoken and running northwest into McLean County.

As we approached the river the country grew more and more broken, but the land is all fertile except the crests of the ridges, which are covered with boulders. A number of Russian Jews have settled in this hill-country skirting the Missouri, preferring it to the level prairie, because of the timber along the river, which they cut for fuel and for their log houses and stables. They were desperately poor when they arrived in Dakota but they are slowly getting ahead and will be comfortable and independent in a few years. They have a device for economizing fuel and warmth which is well adapted to a cold country. In the center of their houses they construct a big, square, flat-topped furnace of stone and mortar, which, when once thoroughly heated, will keep a room warm for a long time after the fire goes out.

We were glad to see from a hill-top the broad gray flood of the Missouri, with its fringes of cottonwood and oak forests on both banks and its high, fantastic buttes on the further side. Descending a narrow valley, where sturdy, knarled oak trees grew along a small creek, we came at noon to Painted Woods, where there is a school house, a post office and store and two dwellings. The merchant is a Swede named Peterson, who furnish both goods and politics to his Scandinavian neighbors. A thrifty man is Peterson. Four log huts consolidated so that doors lead from one to the other, serve him as store and dwelling. His

store is crowded with a jumble of all sorts of merchandise needed by farmers and in his dwelling he has a wife and three flaxen-haired children. He is building a stone barn to take the place of log stables and next year he means to erect a house and store from the prairie boulders.

The schoolmaster at Painted Woods is an historic character in Dakota. His name is Mercer and a county has been named in his honor as the first white settler in this region. When a soldier in the Union army, camped before Fredericksburg, he read in a New York paper an account of hunting and trapping with the Indians on the Upper Missouri. The name Painted Woods struck his fancy and clung to his memory. He determined that if he got through the war safely he would go to Painted Woods and become a trapper and hunter. He carried out his resolution, found the place described in the newspaper article, built a cabin and trapped and hunted, with no great gain to himself in worldly gear, but with an accumulation of stories of adventure with which he now entertains the settlers who have followed him to the pleasant country along the great river, and such travelers as seek accommodations at his ranch.

We turned northward from our noon halting-place and drove along the bench by the river for about twenty miles, to the little frontier town of Washburn, county-seat of McLean County. A thin belt of settlement follows the river—not more than one house to the mile, however, on an average. The land is good and the proximity of the timber along the stream is a special inducement to settlement. Corn is raised, as well as wheat, oats and barley. Above Washburn the hills recede from the river and give room for a broad, handsome plateau, some twenty miles long and of about the same width, where the soil is unsurpassed by any in Dakota and the lay of the land is favorable for easy cultivation. Beds of lignite are numerous, so that the fuel problem, which is so serious for settlers in the eastern part of the Territory, is kindly solved by nature. This plateau is the best part of McLean County and the only part at all settled save the narrow strip of bench land along the river below it. There are about 400 families in the county, of whom about 200 are Scandinavians, 100 Canadians and the remainder Americans and Russians. Wheat is hauled to Bismarck, a distance from the farms of from forty to sixty miles, and all the way beside a navigable river. The company that runs boats on the Upper Missouri has built a warehouse at Washburn and notified the farmers that it will carry grain to the elevator in Bismarck for fifteen cents a hundred, but the settlers prefer to make a six day's trip with ox teams to market their produce rather than let it go out of their possession before they get the money for it. Consequently they are on the road most of the fall, when they should be at home plowing for the next spring's seeding.

Washburn has three stores, a small flouring-mill run by steam, with the coal of the country for fuel, a hotel, a court-house, a picturesque stone ruin that started out to be a church in the boom times of 1882 and 1883, and a lively newspaper, called the *Mail*. The editor, Mr. Britton, is proud of his well-equipped printing office and is an authority on the coal fields and agricultural resources of McLean County. For the further progress of the town two things are needed—a railroad and more settlers in the neighboring country. The site of Washburn, on high land at the bend of the Missouri, is well-chosen and commands superb views both up and down the river. I met at the hotel a stockman who has 250 head of cattle in Sheridan County, an unorganized county north of Burleigh and east of McLean. "It's a fine stock country," he said; "good grass, many little lakes with natural meadows around them, open range and no neighbors."

We drove back to Bismarck in six hours next day, the distance being forty-five miles and the road running up hill and down, over the "breaks" along the river. In pleasant weather this would be a delightful drive. The river views are majestic and the homes of the settlers among the hills, with their little log houses and their sod barns roofed with straw, afford

interesting glimpses of life in a new country. But the wind was cruelly cold and there were occasional flurries of snow. So the two chilled and hungry travellers were pleased with nothing on the trip as much as with the sight of the big, uncouth, unfinished capitol in the outskirts of Bismarck, which showed them that the drive would soon end. E. V. S.

A Typical Dakota Settler.

E. W. Powers was born in Loraine County, Ohio, in 1860, and removed to Michigan with his parents in 1862. His father died when he was eight years old, leaving but little of this world's goods. Since he was fifteen years old he has rustled for himself, and was employed as a farm hand and lumberman until the fall of 1882, when he located in Richland township, this county. At that time there was not a family residing in the county, and he justly claims the distinction of being the first actual settler. When he came to Dakota, he had \$20 in his pocket, and two stout hands and heart. He labored at anything he could get to do to live and make a few improvements on his claim, until the railroad built west of Aberdeen, when he took the contract for supplying the railroad camps with meat on a capital of \$5, which proved remunerative, and gave him the desired start. In six years from nothing this young man has acquired 480 acres of land, 400 acres of which are under plow. He has the farm well stocked with horses, cattle and hogs, hires two men the year round, and has the largest barn and one of the best residences in the country, besides a feed mill and all kinds of farm machinery. Last year he raised 7,000 bushels of grain, this year he raised 5,000 bushels of wheat and 2,000 bushels of corn, which he has on hand. He does not owe a man a dollar, and has a goodly store of cold cash. He says that if \$10,000 cash was offered him for his bare farm and improvements, he would refuse the offer, as he likes Dakota and knows that any one with push and snap can succeed here. And it is safe to say that in no other country in the world, except Dakota, could a young man start with \$20 and his bare hands on a farm, and in six short years climb to a point where \$20,000 would represent his worldly store. There is food for reflection here by young men of the east. If Mr. Powers had staid in Michigan he still would be working for \$12 to \$15 a month. Moral: Go West, Young Man, and do likewise. Such men will do to tie to. —*Baudette Pioneer*.

How Morton Killed the Bear.

Paul Morton, the general freight agent of the Burlington road, has just returned from a bear hunt in the Northwest, and what is more, he has brought back the skin of a good-sized bear. The way in which he succeeded in capturing this bear is told, on the quiet, by one of the men who accompanied the party. Morton arose early one morning to get a good start, and, as he left the tent he stumbled over a big box of Huyler's butter scotch, which a New York friend of his named Clancy had carried along with the stores. Morton took the butter scotch with him on his tramp with the guide, and they suddenly came upon a bear. In his hurry to escape from danger he dropped the taffy and his bearship, in making his charge ran across the candy and stopped as soon as he sniffed at it. He tore open the box and gummed his wicked jaws together with the sticky candy and then he put his paw in it in a vain endeavor to release himself. As soon as Morton discovered his dilemma he came up behind the bear with a huge club and brained him. —*Chicago Herald*.

Conservative Flavoring.

This is the way the editor of the Jamestown, (Dak.) *Alert* describes the Kentucky sour mash he drank at a social gathering: "To all these ingredients of pleasure there is added a conservative flavoring, Kentucky hand made, long hatched in the alembic of patient alchemy, which throws a prevailing richness over the entertainment and opens the doors for unobstructed comradeship."

DRIVING OVER DAKOTA PRAIRIES.

Seventy-five Miles Through Burleigh, Emmons and Kidder Counties.

On my second trip out from Bismarck I did not have the pleasant company of my friend the journalist and former land officer. He had to stay at home to look after politics and newspaper work. The Democrat wagon was replaced by a top-buggy, and with a fresh team and a new driver I started off in a south-eastern direction, following the general course of the Missouri, but out of sight of it until noon. The driver had knocked about the frontier for many years, following diverse avocations. He had driven a Deadwood stage and been held up by road agents. He had carried the mail out to some remote settlement and once narrowly escaped death in a blizzard, saving himself, after forty-eight hours of exposure, by luckily finding the river, and following it on the ice to Bismarck. He had a good stock of adventures to narrate, his conversation was liberally emphasized with original profanity and he was altogether a droll and entertaining fellow.

Continuous settlement only extends a few miles south of Bismarck. Further on there are occasional farms, but the tilled areas are mere patches on the face of the vast, billowy expanse of brown prairie grass. Roads and blind trails are confusingly numerous and the best plan to find one's way across the country is to carry a compass and take the track that keeps closest to the general direction of the journey. Observing this rule, we went astray only once during the morning's drive and that was by my yielding to the driver's opinion. We lost a couple of miles and had to retrace our way, but before one o'clock we made the sheep ranch which we had determined upon as the mid-day halting place. The home buildings of the ranch are solid log structures, standing on a broad plateau facing a bend of the Missouri and sheltered from the north wind by a friendly ridge. During the spring and summer the sheep range on the plains and hills and in October they are driven to a winter ranch on the banks of a little lake, twenty miles away, where an abundance of hay is cut for feed. Nearly all successful shepherds are Scotchmen, and there was no exception to the rule here, the owner of Glencoe being a Highlander named Alexander Campbell—a man of perhaps sixty, of stalwart form, with a strong face illumined by good nature and intelligence as well as by a framing of silver hair and beard. His family consists of two grown sons and a daughter and they have made themselves thoroughly comfortable and contented in their new frontier home. They have a piano and plenty of good books, a superb view from their windows of miles and miles of the great river with its fringe of cottonwoods and of a great sweep of picturesque hills and buttes on both shores. They have a church, too. No true Scotchman is happy without his "kirk," and so the Campbells have built one for the settlement, with the aid of a few neighbors of their nationality. It is a neat white building, with a steeple, and is, of course, Presbyterian in its creed.

My kind hostess seemed desirous of showing me how many good things to eat could be had on a ranch twenty miles from a town. Besides the substantial of the lunch there were jellies and preserves made from native fruits. It is the common impression that Dakota produces no fruit, yet here were delicious preparations from the wild grape, the wild plum, the bullberry and the cultivated garden citron. After lunch the piano was opened and Scotch songs sung. I fancied that they brought a little moisture into the eyes of my host, as he recalled the hills and the heather of his native land. Then the team was brought up, we took directions for steering across the prairies and ridges and left with hearty farewells.

We passed perhaps a dozen farms during the afternoon's drive. The country is all fertile, producing good crops of all the small grains and very fair crops of Indian corn. For fodder millet is raised and wild hay cut on the low-lying lands. This ought to be a well-settled region and will be in a few years when

the next great wave of Dakota immigration sets in. The only place in the northern part of the huge county of Emmons which has a name on the maps is Williamsport, and for this point we steered. It is no port, for it is thirty miles from the river, and it is not much of a town, although the county-seat. Besides the empty jail, one store and the school house, there are only half a dozen buildings, in one of which the county newspaper is housed during the summer and fall, the editor moving his press and types to his ranch two miles out before winter sets in. There is no hotel in Williamsport and only one family lives there, the other inhabitants being bachelors, but the one family "keeps people" and makes them as comfortable as possible in a house of one room, a kitchen and an attic. There was a bit of carpet on the floor of the living room and lace curtains at the windows and things generally were tidy. After the energetic landlady had cooked supper for ten men and had washed the dishes a wagon drove up in the darkness and four Hollanders arrived from the settlements in the southern part of the county. A new supper had to be prepared for these hungry men. All spoke English tolerably well. They had long faces with large noses and a grave expression of countenance. They said there were a hundred families of their nationality in the Holland settlement, all doing well and satisfied with the country. They had two stores, and if they could get a doctor, a preacher and a railroad they would be well fixed.

I slept in the garret that night in company with the four Dutchmen, my driver and a young fellow named Bill. The atmosphere was torrid in the early part of the night, heated by a stove-pipe from the room below, and frigid towards morning. It was somewhat odorless, too, but improved after I had picked out the rags that were stuffed in all the cracks around the window-sash. I was glad to hear the chickens crow and to dispatch the breakfast of ham and eggs and get upon the road again. Stopped at the ranch of the editor, Mr. Streeter, who has a comfortable farm-house, flanked by stables and grain stacks. I set him down for a genius when I found he had made money printing a newspaper in a town of fifty inhabitants, and I was sorry not to see more of him. He told me that his wife had canvassed the whole region for subscribers while he set type, wrote "locals" and worked the press. It was the lady who gave us our directions for the route northwards to Steele, pointing across the windy prairie to a house on the far horizon as the first landmark towards which we were to steer.

For about ten miles around Williamsport the country is nearly level. There is perhaps an average of one settler to two square miles of good, rich land. Beyond this belt of settlement we crossed a whole township with not a single inhabitant—three-fourths of it good tillable land, too, and the remainder well grassed hill-slopes. Further on we came into the strip of territory where settlers have gone out a few miles from the stations on the Northern Pacific. About six miles from Williamsport we crossed the grade of the Aberdeen, Bismarck, and Northwestern Railroad, an enterprise chiefly backed by Tom Lowry, of Minneapolis. This line will be completed to Bismarck next year by the Canadian Pacific capitalists who have come to the rescue of the Soo and Minneapolis and Pacific roads. It will open a long stretch of good farming and stock-raising country to transportation and denser settlement.

"Lord, what things a man does see when he hain't got his gun with him," once exclaimed a frontiersman when he first caught sight of a city dude. I had no gun with me on this trip, and what things I saw—winged things by the thousand—beves of prairie chickens that flew out of the grass almost under the horses' feet, flocks of ducks on the ponds, flocks of wild geese feeding in the stubble fields within easy shot or sailing off in their regular triangular formation, the captain of each company in advance calling "honk, honk, honk," to his followers, and on one pretty lake, ducks, geese, swans and cranes in an enormous brown and white army, some on the water and

some on the marshy shores. All rose up and took flight at sight of the team except the wise cranes, who appeared to know that there was no gun in the wagon and who each stood on one leg and surveyed us placidly almost within stone's throw.

Our noon halt was at the house of a farmer named Jones, who came to Dakota five years ago from Mercer County, Pennsylvania. He had settled on the sandy loam land south of Steele and claimed that taking a series of years this land would produce more wheat than the famous Red River Valley lands. This year the crop in the valley and as far west as the James River was hurt by an August frost, but the high country of the Coteaux escaped. Mr. Jones showed me some handsome number one hard wheat from his granary and said he had raised twenty-five bushels of it to the acre this year. The drive ended at Steele, county town of Kidder County, a village of about 500 inhabitants, on the highest land between the Red River and the Missouri. It is a prosperous trading point, with a newspaper bearing the original name of the *Ozone*, a big court house, built for a hotel, and two tall cylindrical brick towers, constructed to furnish water from deep wells by windmill powers. For these towers and for other improvements not so visible, Steele is still in debt. The former chief boomer, who designed them and who built the hotel and sold it to the county, does not now live in the place.

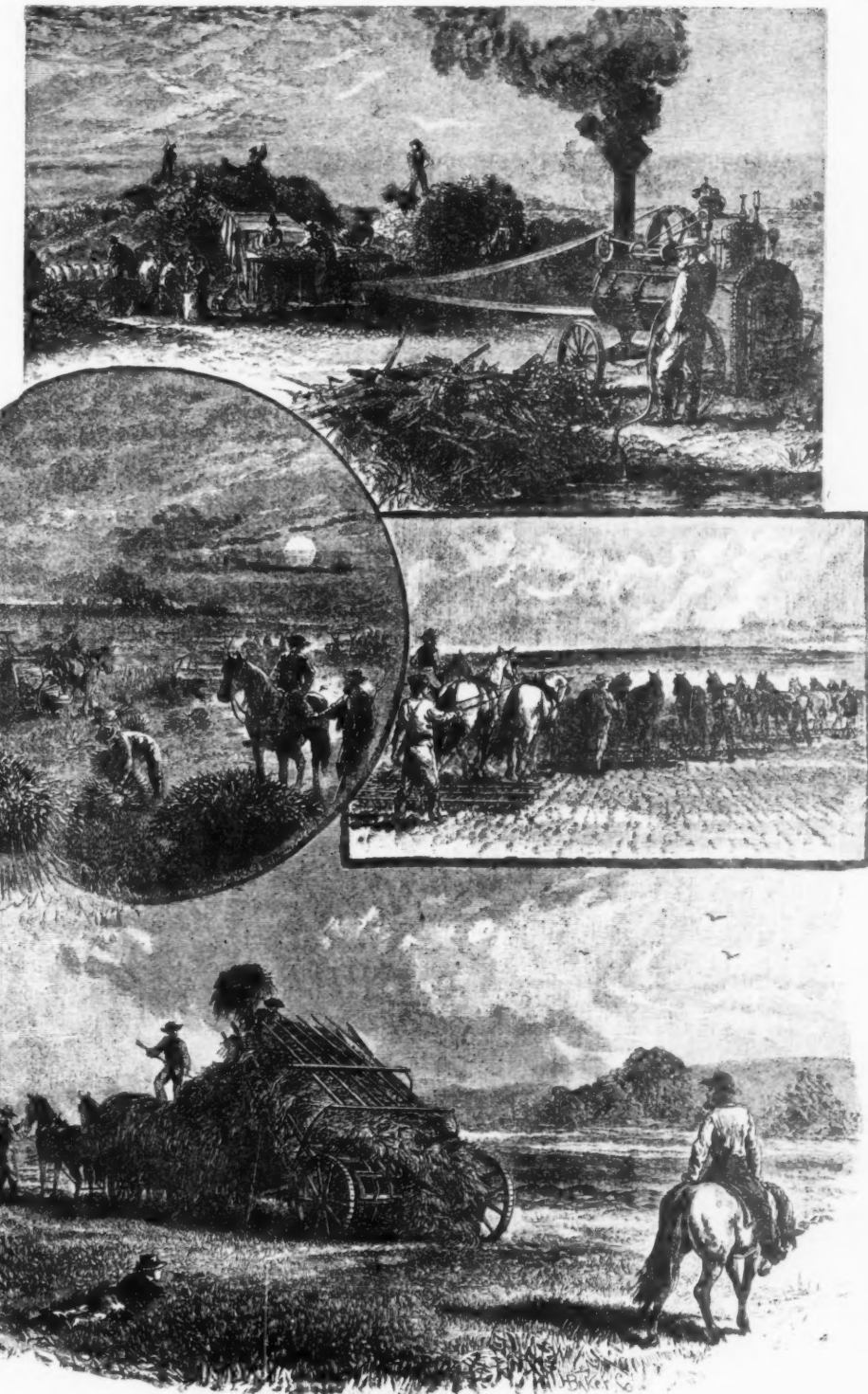
E. V. S.

DAKOTA LIVESTOCK INTERESTS.

In his annual report Governor Church, of Dakota, thus speaks of the live stock interests of that Territory.

The idea that because Dakota is not what is called a corn country it is therefore unfitted for stock raising is now understood to be unfounded, and the success it has met with in producing and perfecting the best breeds and families is becoming known and particularly appreciated. Perhaps in no previous year in our history has there been introduced such a quantity of thoroughbred stock of every description as during the year about to close. To make this more convincing it is only useful to mention that at one point alone, the Minnesota Transfer, in the last twelve months there has passed into the territory an average of over 2,000 head of improved stock per month. And it is estimated that live stock of the better grades is finding its way into Dakota at a rate of from 5,000 to 10,000 per month. The magnificent growth of native grasses, the leagues of natural pasture over the whole surface of the territory, the high, dry atmosphere with its wealth of ozone and life-giving properties, the pure water, the comparative immunity from all contagious disease, the ease with which grain, oats, corn, peas, etc., can be produced, the physical hardness its climate induces, all combine to render Dakota specially and peculiarly adapted to pastoral pursuits. These facts are awakening the agricultural population to the feasibility of converting the plains, hills and valleys of Dakota into the first beef producing country in the world. The territory in many parts is admirably adapted to the breeding of sheep and hogs.

Those who have made the attempt on a more or less



FARMING SCENE IN DAKOTA.—[From photograph and sketches.]

limited scale have found the results highly remunerative. In the hilly sections west of the Missouri River and throughout the northwestern parts of the territory sheep, wherever tried, have done admirably well, the dry atmosphere giving exemption from diseases peculiar to them, which have always formed so formidable an enemy to sheep in certain sections of the East. It may also be stated that the greater portion of Dakota is absolutely free from the dreaded scourge, hog cholera, its appearance being entirely unknown, with the exception of some unimportant outbreaks that have taken place immediately north of the Nebraska border.

THE NORTHWEST ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE, devoted to Western interests and progress, is

a handsome magazine of forty pages, besides an illustrated cover. Whoever wants to realize the grandeur and rapid growth of the great Northwest should read this magazine. It is an inspiration of freshness and a fitting representative of the rapidly improving Northwestern States.—*The Church Union*.

The old tale of one of the Rothschilds and a pompous baron is now adapted to Mr. Harrison and Dakota—with a difference between, however.

Mr. Harrison—"Who's that knocking?"

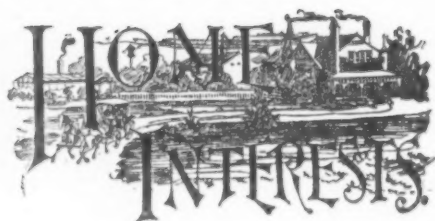
Dakota—"I, sir."

Mr. Harrison (busy)—"Come in and take a seat."

Dakota (proudly)—"But I am Dakota, sir."

Mr. H.—"Oh, ah, indeed. Then take two seats."

And she will.—*N. Y. Press*.



Taught Nothing at Home.

I am told by one who is interested in the welfare of girls who earn their living at "mercy of the world" that out of every 100 girls there are not ten who can sew on a button straight or help themselves in any way. I was talking with a woman who knows young girls well, and much of whose life has been passed in teaching in public schools, yesterday, and she assured me that she did not doubt the truth of that statement.

"You would be surprised," she said, "if you saw girls as I have seen them, to find how little they are taught at home. Mothers who have worked hard seemed determined that their girls shall not. Mothers who are the wives of laboring men spare their daughters the learning of the simplest sort of sewing. They send them to school. They give them useless courses of geometry and trigonometry, and the only course of sewing they get is the youthful training in the lower classes at the grammar school, where one hour each week is devoted to such work."

I quite agree with my friend. Girls of whatever station should be taught to help themselves. Why should they not be able to make clothes as to entertain? Surely the one may be of infinite service when the other is past use. More than that, any girl who can help herself and is proud enough to do it in an emergency is safe in the world.—*Boston Home Journal*.

The Storage of Life.

Dr. B. W. Richardson has often given evidence of his power of clothing familiar facts in attractive and novel garb, and of arresting attention while forcing home some well worn truths. This faculty he drew upon largely in his interesting address at the anniversary meeting of the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, when he chose as his subject the "Storage of Life as a Sanitary Study." The conditions favoring the storage of life he dealt with under the headings of hereditary qualification, the virtue of continence, maintenance of balance of bodily functions, perfect temperance, and purity from implanted or acquired diseases. While urging the importance of maintaining the balance of the working organs of the body as a means of keeping up the storage of life, the lecturer spoke yet more emphatically upon what he termed "all-round temperance"—temperance in speech, action, thought, as well as in eating and drinking. Everything that quickened the action of the heart he regarded as a stimulant, taxing and reducing the storage of life. Necessarily the work of the sanitarian called for appreciative remark toward the close of the lecture, the prevention of "damaging diseases" promoting the storage of life. After all, in spite of the interest or the lecture, the moral is somewhat trite.

The advantages of a favorable family history, the disadvantages of acquired diseases, the influence of personal habits of restraint—all these have long been granted. The individual may toil and strive, but he is still largely at the mercy of his neighbor, whose erratic proceedings may greatly upset all the foresight of storage. While all admit the value of personal attention to sanitary and physiological laws, most people will wish for greater powers of sanitary control over the actions of their neighbors.—*Lancet*.

Care of the Teeth.

"What should a man use to clean his teeth?" was the question asked of a well-known dentist recently.

The dentist immediately replied: "Nothing but water. There are more teeth ruined by so-called dentifrices than by all other causes in the world put together. The object of the makers of these denti-

fices is, of course, to produce a preparation that will, with very little rubbing of the brush, make the teeth look perfectly clean and white. To accomplish this they put pumice stone, and sometimes strong alkalies, in their preparations. Pumice stone will unquestionably take all the enamel with it. An alkali will make a yellow tooth look white in a few seconds, but before a week has passed it will have eaten away all the enamel and utterly destroyed the tooth. In walking along the street you often see a 'fakir,' by way of advertising his patent dentifrices call a small boy from the crowd near by, and opening the boys mouth, rub the dentifrice on his dirty teeth, and in a minute almost take off all the tartar and make the teeth look perfectly pure and white. Now, a man like that fakir ought to be arrested, for he has forever destroyed the boy's teeth. His preparation, composed of a powerful alkali, is eating away the enamel of the boys teeth, and in a few months the boy will not have a sound tooth in his head. The dentifrices, composed chiefly of pumice stone, are not as bad as those containing an alkali, because they will not destroy the teeth so quickly; but, if used habitually, they will as certainly destroy them in the end. I should advise a man by all means to use no dentifrice of any description, unless it be prepared chalk. If this is used not oftener than once a week it will not injure the teeth, and may help to cleanse them, but it should on no account be used every day. Orris root does the teeth no harm and gives a pleasant odor to the breath; and if all our dentifrices were composed simply of orris root and prepared chalk they would be harmless enough, if not beneficial. My own plan is to use moderately hard brush and plenty of cold water, and nothing else, and my teeth are in excellent condition. If people would only pick their teeth carefully after each meal, making sure that not the slightest particle of food remain near the gums or between the teeth, and and would, also, before retiring at night, run a piece of soft thread through their teeth, they would not have any necessity for a dentifrice. Of course, sweets and candies are bad for the teeth; so is smoking, or taking very hot or cold drinks; but, bad as all these undoubtedly are, I really think the worst enemy the tooth has is the so-called dentifrice. Take the advice of a dentist and never use anything for your teeth but a brush and good cold water."—*Boston Gazette*.

Gold Plated Freckles.

That was an acute young woman, who, finding herself well freckled after a day's outing and no cosmetic near, touched each with a camels'-hair pencil dipped in gold lye and the finest gold powder. The effect was piquant, aided by a dust of gold powder on the front hair. Of course she did not apply it with a polka-dotted effect, but so lightly the gilded gleam was only caught in certain light. A lotion of chloride of lime, made very weak and dried on the face in the sun for five minutes and washed off with lemon juice, followed by glycerine, will usually banish freckles. If they don't go at the first application they will with sufficient repetition. Or you may touch the freckles with javelle water, taking great care it does not touch the eyes, lips or the inside of the nose, and after a few minutes washing off with lemon or vinegar. When I say that javelle water, used by laundresses, will bleach the hair, it is distinctly not with a view of recommending it, as it will undoubtedly kill the hair and injure the brain in time, as all hair bleaches and golden dyes do. The Italian wash for the neck may be one of the secrets of beauty tried by the Venetian society of ladies. They evidently did not stand for delicate applications, for they bleached their hair with soap lye and whitened their dainty necks with this searching preparation, which is a good thing for cleansing carpets: "Take a quart of ox-gall, two ounces alum, two ounces sugar candy, two drachms camphor, beat them and mix with the gall. Keep it six weeks in the sun, dilute and put some powder of pearl in it and wash with it." Wheat flour mingled with honey and vinegar was applied as a paste to the face when red and erysipelatous. Barley water, with bitter almonds beaten in it, lemon juice and wine

was a cooling and softening face lotion. Camphor gum, the size of a goose egg, was infused in a pint of water a month, and a tablespoonful of this in three of milk was a wash prized for coarse faces. Wrinkles are the dread of court beauties, and many are the recipes to avert them, though it is always "to cleanse the skin and brighten the complexion." One balsamic water said to remove wrinkles is barley water strained through cloth, with a few drops of Balm of Gilead in it, allowed to stand several hours, with frequent shaking till it dissolves and the water grows milky. "If used only once in twenty-four hours it takes away wrinkles and gives the skin a surprising luster." Washing the face in acid buttermilk is a country cosmetic, still in favor for sunburn, freckles and scaly skin. The juice pressed from cucumbers is altogether preferable, and, though of old repute, is a fashionable London preparation. The juice of milkweed is also a proprietary lotion for the face, sold by the modish cosmetic artist abroad. These vegetable lotions being gummy, protecting and detersive, refine the skin, and unlike spirituous washes, do not bring out the hair on the cheeks of ambitious beauty.—*Baltimore News*.

Disorders of the Ear.

A correspondent in Iowa, who had bought and used without benefit two different appliances for the improvement of the hearing, writes, "Do you know of anything that will do for the ears what spectacles do for the eyes?"

There are defects of the sense of sight which are helped not at all, or only partially, by glasses; others only by special appliances; but most of such defects come under the head either of short-sightedness, or the far sightedness of age. Both of these are readily and perfectly relieved.

The organ of hearing, however, is very complex, delicate, and peculiarly exposed to harmful, and even destructive disorders. There are three divisions: the external, the middle, and the internal ear. The canal of the external ear may be plugged up with hardened wax; the ear drum may be perforated, ulcerated, or thickened by inflammation. In the middle ear is a series of little connected bones,—the "mallet," the "anvil" and the "stirrup,"—the first of which is played upon by the ear-drum, and transmits its vibrations to the internal ear.

Inflammation or ulceration may impair or destroy the transmitting power of these little bones. Moreover, there has to be a free communication between the air of the middle ear and that outside. This is effected by an open tube (Eustachian), which extends from it to the mouth; but this is liable to be closed up by inflammation, acute or chronic.

The internal ear, with an arrangement of nerves incomparably more wonderful in power than a harp with a thousand strings, is hid away for security in a chamber of solid bone. Its disorders are severe and difficult of cure.

The ear is much exposed to harm; to inflammations from cold winds blowing on it, from water getting into it while bathing; to bursting of the ear drum from boxing the ear, or from the effect of loud explosions; to destructive inflammations extending to it along the Eustachian tube in cases of scarlet fever, diphtheria, or other forms of malignant sore throat. It is plain that the case of the eye and the ear are quite different.

Deafness from hardened ear-wax can be readily removed by the extraction of the wax. This trouble is very common. Deafness due to age can be greatly helped by a good ear-trumpet.

Broken ear-drums may readily heal up, as readily as a cut finger. Others, more badly perforated, may heal up with medical aid, or artificial drums may be substituted. Even the little bones of the middle ear, which have been displaced by disease, can often be brought into place again; or, if rendered useless, may be removed, and the hearing greatly improved, sometimes almost wholly restored.

In every case, it is desirable that the ear should be examined by an expert aurist, and the character of the trouble exactly determined.—*Youth's Companion*.

HER PRIDE WAS "FUNRILS."

BY RYE JOHNSON.

"Oh, dear, dear me. I dew feel so wurrid, so almost shure things wont go off rite, ter-morrer. We haint hed a funril in our fam'ly fer so menny years, thet folks is forgittin thet our pride was allus in them. They hev bin a talkin ever sence Joel began ter fail, I've heern em, wonderin like ef we'd hev a buryin ez wud keep up our name, en dew us credit. Air yew shure everythin's fixed just rite, Blah?"

"Now, Mandy, ef I se yew I'd giv over stewin. We've dun all we kin ter make things go off rite smart, en ef they goes wrong we kant help it. Jest go inter ther house en git sum rest; ef yer don't yer wont be able ter git outer bed ter-morrer at all, and wot good wud a fine funril dew yer, en yer a layin by? Jest show a leetle sense, Mandy," and Blah Brown heaved a great forkful of hay into the oxen's mangers and stalked off to attend to other duties, leaving his wife standing disconsolately alone.

As she turned toward the house she muttered: "Blah never did hev much sense, en I don't believe ez he knew how things goes."

Shaking her head sorrowfully, and wiping away a tear, she slowly returned to the house.

Sinking into a rocking chair she swayed slowly back and forth for a few minutes, but she was too troubled to keep still, and when a neighbor, who was doing up the work, came in, she began:

"Oh dear, Liza, I'm so wurrid, ye can't begin ter know. Blah don't seem ter kar whether things goes rite or not."

"La now, Mis' Brown, yer a foolish woman ter worry so. Haint yer got Elder Woodly ter preach? En did yer ever heer uv one o' his funrils bein a fail-yer? I never did. Yer haint no call ter fret, I say. Did yer go to Ann Parsons buryin? No? Then I must tell yer 'twas lovy. Yer know Ann wuz sick fer a long time, en every body hed bin 'spectin her deth fer weeks, so most on em lotted ter go to ther funril. Twas at ther skule house, en twouldn't begin ter hold um. But it waz warm en ther winders wuz riz, en all crowded roun. The Elder wuz thare, en he preached just lovely. But wen he 'charged' ther mourners yew cud heer em weep en sob, clean inter ther road. He jist worried ther feelin's until Mis' Parsons, she jest fell onto ther floor an hed a fit. Oh, I tell yew I never heered sich a 'charge.'"

"I dew hope he will dew ez well ter-morrer, but I've heered ez how his powers wuz er failin. En sence I went ter ther funril et Mis' Stones, I've feered ez how we want goin ter hev no more good old fashioned ones, that weth ther new fangled stiles ez the Baptis over ter Harmon ez er bringin in, en people follern' all ther new ways, most folks is er fergittin how ter dew things rite. Twas ther three year old Willy ez they buried thet day. Ther coffin wuz wite, en ther corpse wuz jist covered with wite posies, en ther sermon wuz jist full of ther luv of Christ fer little children, en words ov cumfert fer ther father en mother. He never sed a word ter hurry em up, en Mis' Stone never shed a tear until she heered ther dirt a rattlin on ther coffin. Then she jist giv a little sob, en whispered so low I cud hardly heer it, 'Good by, my darlin,' en walked away. Ef things shed go off like thet ter-morrer, I shed jist die of mortyfication."

"Wal, I don't think yer hev enny call to fret. Jest hev a cup of tea now, en then git some rest—yer lookin' bad," and kindly Liza Clark bustled about to prepare a lunch for the anxious woman.

Now let us give a word of explanation, my story is so strictly true, and the events so recent, that the reader will kindly pardon if the location is a trifle misty.

Mandy and Blah Brown had lived all their lives in the same neighborhood, and same house. The Brown homestead had descended from father to son for generations back.

They had always been prosperous and well-to-do, and were, with all, rather an odd set. The inhabitants of "Crawfish Holler," as the valley was called, were all pretty queer, each having some hobby to ride, how-

ever strange it might be. Some of the women prided themselves on cooking, weaving, spinning, knitting, or perhaps their preserves and pickles. The men vied on raising each some particular crop better than the rest.

But the pride of the Browns had always been in their funerals. To have the most affecting service, the finest coffin and largest attendance, was always their endeavor.

There had not been a death in the family since Blah's father two years before, so now expectation was at the highest pitch, a vast turn out was to be expected, but let Mandy tell the rest.

There was a look of trouble and anxiety on her comely face as she talked, only pausing occasionally to sip her tea.

"What I'm most feared on, is rain. I wanted Blah ter hev ther funril et ther green skule house, but he sed we'd hev ter bring ther corps back past ther house ter bury it, en yew know thers allers another death in the family wen yew dew thet. Ef it rains the house is too small to hold half on um. Joel wuz sick so long everybody knew on't, en ther mostly calculatin ter cum. En thers them younguns, I swan ef I want fergittin um. I kin heer um now. They dont seem ter hev enny sense. I must go an see ter em," and the weary woman made her way to a large room in the far end of the east wing, to which the children had been for many weeks banished when at home.

Let us listen to the children's talk a moment ere she enters. There were three of them, Annie, a gentle fair haired child of ten, Allen aged eight, and Willie a rogue of seven.

"I say, Allen," cried he, as he tossed his ball into the air, and plunged after it, "won't it be jolly not to have to keep still after to-morrow?"

"Why, Willie," cried Annie in a shocked tone, "he was our very own father." "Well, he wa'n't much of one," carelessly replied the boy, with another toss of the ball.

"You know, Annie, Willie is little, and truly he has not been in the house for weeks without being hushed up," gravely interposed Allen.

Just then the three discovered their grandmother, sitting upon a chest by the door, and crying as if her heart would break. "Oh, what's Granny crying about," loudly whispered Willie.

"Hush, Hush, Willie, don't you know he was her only son!" said Annie.

"Oh, yew poor, neglected younguns. How I hev missed yew. Dont yer know ez its yer pa ez is dead? Gone ter jine yer muther in Heaven. Yer all alone now, poor orphan younguns."

"Hav'n't we got you and grandpa left?" tearfully asked Willie.

"Yes indeed yer hev," and she clasped him in her arms, and kissed him fondly.

"Well, then, I dont care," replied the child returning the kisses, "Grandpa's worth a dozen fathers."

Mandy's tears flowed afresh, and she cried sadly, "How kin I make yer understand yer loss. Dew think. Yer hev lost both father en muther. Yer kin never hev a home now like uther childrin."

"Wont yew and grandpa keep us any longer?" queried Willie.

"Oh dear, dear, in course we will, we wont never giv yer up."

"Well then, I dont care," and he began tossing his ball again.

"Now, children, listen; ef yer dont kar yer must act ez ef yer did, er folks will think ez how I've neglected yer bringin up shamefully."

"What shall we do, Grandma?" and Annie smoothed Mandy's hair lovingly. "We will do anything rather than trouble you."

"Why, yer must listen, when the Elder is preachin', en every time he sez anything about yer pa, yer must cry en cry ez if yer meant it. Now mind what I say," and she rose wearily.

"Yes, grandma," responded Annie, and the three children stood in mute surprise until she was gone, then the irrepressible Willie burst forth.

"I say, Annie, how's a fellow to cry, if he don't want too?"

"Hush, Willie. Dont be so loud, I guess she means put your handkerchief to your eyes and pretend."

"I hate to pretend," said Allen, "it's most lying."

"This wont be, Allen. He is our father, though as Will says, not much of one. But we can feel sorry now that we hav'n't any, you know."

"Yes, Allen, lets do feel sorry, then grandma wont cry," agreed Willie. So the matter was settled, and they resumed their interrupted play.

Joel Brown, the dead man, had never been strong. He was a feeble child, but contrary to all expectations he grew to manhood, getting through life in a "no account" sort of way, depending mostly on his energetic mother, and sturdy father.

At an early age he married a fair, sweet tempered girl, with very little more stamina than he had. When the third child was born, she died, and Joel took the little ones home to his mother, who took them at once to her heart, giving them the tenderest care, until two years before the events now narrated took place, Joel drifted home to be cared for himself.

Then her greatest anxiety had been, of course, for his comfort, and had it not been for the care and kindness of the teacher, whose school they attended their lot would had been a neglected one indeed. They were bright children totally unlike their feeble parents, seeming to inherit much of their grandparents' energy and smartness.

But at last Joel laid his burden of life down, and kind, patient Mandy remembering her pride, resolved to give him a funeral such as would be long remembered, and "show them pesky Baptis' over tew Harmon, a thing or tew."

Notwithstanding her nervous fears to the contrary, the next day dawned bright and clear. It was June, when the earth is at her fairest. The services were appointed for one o'clock, and as early as eleven the people began to gather in wagons, buggies, on horse back, and on foot, until the premises were crowded. The details of that funeral are fresh in the minds of many.

The coffin was placed upon some chairs in the center of the largest room, with the face of the dead uncovered. Along one side was ranged the relatives, the father and mother near the head, the children next and so on by degrees of relationship.

Poor children! the tears flowed freely from fear, if not from sorrow, for they were so placed that every glance revealed the ghastly death—sharpened features.

When all was arranged to Mandy's satisfaction, a doleful hymn was sung by the choir, that had come over from Harmon to do honor to the occasion. Then the Elder, tall, gaunt, white haired, arose, cast his eyes over the vast crowd of expectant faces, and began his discourse.

I wish I could give you an outline of that sermon, but I have not space. But when he "charged" the mourners, as the country people phrased it, then came his crowning effort. There he stood, tall and gaunt, his white hair floating about his face, tears of sympathy streaming down his furrowed cheeks, for his heart was kind and he felt the sorrows of others. He was only mistaken in his way.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered here to-day to pay the last tribute of respect to your dead. He is gone from you never to return. You will never see his dear face again. He is gone, gone. Your only earthly hope. Gone. The child you have reared and loved. Gone. Nothing left but the poor earthly clay. He is gone, whom you hoped would be the support and comfort of your declining years. Gone! Gone! He has left you, aged and grey, and alone. Weep, father, for your dead boy. Weep, mother, for your son. Children, well may you wail, for you never will look upon his dear face again, or hear his loved voice." And so, on and on, until the sobs and groans of the women and the shrieks of the children filled the house.

Mandy sat rocking herself in a very extasy of grief. Blah's tears flowed copiously, while the children, poor wee ones, wailed in concert.

At length all were over, and a long train wound its way over hill and dale, to the "burying ground." When the last honors were paid the dead man, then the people dispersed to their homes.

Biah and Mandy returned to the now deserted house, for a compassionate neighbor had taken the children home for a time. I said deserted, but Liza was still there, and when she had been relieved of her heavy "trappings of woe," Mandy began:

"Wal, Liza, what dew yer think? Did things go off ez they order? Dew yer think it dun us credit?"

"La," cried Liza, clasping her hands ecstatically, "it waz ther beautifullest funril I ever saw. Sich a crowd, sich a sarmon, sich weepin' en cryin'. You've no call ter fret, I kin tell yer. En them blessed younguns, how ther blessed orphings did cry."

"That wuz my dewin'," asserted Mandy. "I just telled em what wuz what. Oh dear!" and she swayed gently back and forth in her favorite rocker. "I am so glad ez its over. I wuz so feared it wud be a fail-yer, en thet wud about killed me."

"Wal, yer need ter be satisfied, fer 'twill be talked on fer a duzen years, ez ther gratest funril ov ther age."

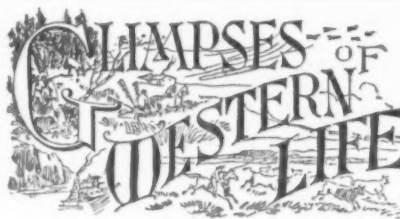
And Liza was right. It is still fresh in the minds of many, who may perhaps smile, if they read this sketch of the woman whose "pride wuz funrils."

THE METHOW VALLEY.

The lower end of the Methow Valley, in Washington Territory is about twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Methow River, which empties into the Columbia, and in this valley there are now about fifty settlers. The whole valley of the Methow is about twenty-five miles in length, five miles on each side of the river, comprising tillable lands and stock ranges of bench lands, besides bottom lands with abundance of water. The bunch grass is knee deep, and horses have been wintered without a spear of feed. Grain has been raised without irrigation, but owing to the numerous creeks the whole valley can be irrigated for such crops as require it. Several gardens have been planted and are very prolific, a melon weighing twenty-five pounds having been grown this season, and carrots four inches in diameter. Mr. Thurlow, in that section, broke ground this spring and threshed out eight acres of wheat which runs twenty-five bushels to the acre. The settlers expect, however, that wheat sown in the fall will not need irrigating and will yield heavy results. The settlers intend putting out grapes, apples, berries and other fruits this year, as it has been demonstrated that this will be a great fruit-growing country. Many of the more recent settlers have gone out for their families, having built permanent homes for them in this new country, and every few days brings new settlers from different parts of the Territory and outside world, where reports have been received of the splendid capabilities of the valley.

A road which starts at the mouth of the Chilliwhist, on the Okanogan, now runs up the former four or five miles where it strikes the trail at the summit between the Methow and the Okanogan and leads down to the lower end of the Methow Valley. The settlers have been allowed to work out their taxes on this road, and have graded half way to the summit from the valley and expect to complete the road to the junction with the Salmon River road at Chilliwhist by the time snow flies, giving the community a good outlet to the different trade centers in Conconully and Ruby City.

A good deal of prospecting and some development has been done on the hills of the Methow, but not in proportion to other districts in the mineral belt, the country being more inaccessible, still some very rich specimens have been found, and no doubt the country is very rich in mineral, and numerous claims have been staked off which will be worked this season. A report is in circulation of the discovery of rich placer finds, but the information is indefinite, and if the discovery has been made it has been kept very quiet.—*Okanogan Outlook*.



THE DESERTED CAMP—UTAH.

Sad, lonely, deserted,
It stands in the rocky-bound gorge,
And the moon sheds its silvery lustre
Where the feet of the miners once surged.

Here, the roof of a home, falling inward,
And there, the old mill in decay,
While yonder, the church door is open—
Through the windows the wind is at play.

Then the fireplace at the end of the cabin,
Where the great piney logs used to burn,
Is broken, decayed and dismantled—
O'er its fate it seems sadly to mourn.

And the street—ah, it looks so deserted,
Where once it was teeming with life,
And it seems to be telling a story
Of poverty, fortune and strife.

On the hill at the head of the canyon,
A hermit—he lives all alone—
In his cabin he'll tell you the story
Of the "Mono," the mine he once owned.

This stone without moss, once a *Crocus*,
Who gave without stint from his store,
A pauper, now lives on the summit,
Where the winds and the storms ever roar.
J. TREMAINE KEEGAN.

A Reminder of Old Days.

Over the door of the post-office at Hong Kong, China, are inscribed the words: "As cool water is to thirsty, so is good news from home." Not so pretentious, but equally affecting, are the words on a shingle that hangs over the door of a Nevada shanty:

come in An git
a squar mele sich
as Your mother Use
to Kuk
for a Quarter.

An Intelligent Dog.

At the ranch of John G. Olding there is a hound dog that accompanies the children to school every day. The children ride a pony and picket it out on the grass near the school house. Mrs. Olding says the dog will lie down by the picket rope and when the pony crops off the grass within reach the dog will untie the rope and lead the animal to a fresh grazing spot, holding the rope in his mouth all the while. By frequent moving it will keep the pony on fresh grass all the while.—*Ellensburg Localizer*.

An Odd Fog Horn.

They have a rich piece of fun on Samish Bay, a stretch of water extending six miles from Samish Island to Edison. Only small boats navigate there because of shoal-water. There is no fog horn with its periodical whistle, like that at Port Townsend, to warn the mariner of his approach to land and give him his bearings; and so it comes that Commodore Smith can relate of how he and Commodore Brown steered their "dories" past each other in a thick fog, each by pinching with a split stick the tail of a pig that he had on board, thus causing the porcines to squeal out the danger signals and thereby preventing a collision.—*Washington Farmer*.

A Broncho Buster.

The Corvallis, Oregon. *New Idea* thus describes the exploits of a "broncho buster" in that town: "The monotony of our metropolis was enlivened by an exhibition of bold cowboy riding Tuesday evening. A purse of money was made up by subscription for the daring rider, 'Bud' Tilmon, one of the best and most fearless riders in the valley, who was chosen to mount the mustang. The rider had hardly settled

down into the saddle before the animated cayuse balloon made an aerial ascension and was bobbing its rider against the somber clouds. The bandana shirt of the horseman became disengaged and flapped like a shipwrecked heart on the ocean of regret. The broncho shied and cavorted like a dark-lantern free-trade politician when passing a sheep camp."

A Rival to Portland.

"I'll tell just what will happen up at St. Helens bar one of these fine days," said a well-known river man a few days ago. "The enterprising citizens of that place will dump a few barge-loads of rocks on the bar just before a freshet, and when it subsides, St. Helens will be at the head of deep-water navigation on the Columbia. Why, even now, whenever a ship gets aground there, town lots go up fifty per cent., only to subside again when the Portland board of trade passes a resolution of some kind or other. So interested are the St. Helens people in having their bar close up, that they don't even treat the government engineers civil, and one of the government fellows told me that the landlord at the hotel actually put him in a bed where there were bugs."—*Astorian*.

The Bear Cub and His Ma.

A traveller, who was crossing the Rocky Mountains, overheard a teamster tell the story of a mother bear and her cub, giving what he called a good example to human mothers in family government. This teamster was going up the mountain for pine logs, driving a wagon. On the top of a large rock by the side of the road was a young bear. The mother had started up the mountain as the team approached.

"The cub looked so cute," said the teamster, "lying there with its paws dropping over the edge of the rock, watching the horses as they came up. Presently, the old bear came bounding back to the cub, and, giving it a nudge with her nose, started up the mountain again, expecting the 'young one' to follow.

"But the cub made no move. The old bear then came back the second time, and taking up the cub in her arms, gave him several cuffs.

"This time the cub obeyed orders and followed the old bear in a gallop, up the side of the mountain.

"He knew, that cub did, that he'd better mind, for that old bear wouldn't stan' any more foolin'."

An Arizona Personal.

On several different occasions we have urged that Jack Crosby, proprietor of the Blue Front saloon and better known to our people as "Private Jack," be taken to the lone tree behind the Court House and hauled up to a limb, says the *Arizona Howler*. We have given the names of eleven men who have been robbed and brutally beaten in his place, or who so stated to us, and we have incidentally referred to Jack as a train robber, burglar, horse thief and incendiary.

In the next issue: "Mr. Crosby dropped in to see us last Saturday. He did not come in with a bludgeon or a revolver, but as a friend and gentleman. He also brought three bottles of rare old Hennessy, for which he will accept our thanks. Mr. Crosby convinced us that we were entirely mistaken in our estimate of him. He is no rough or tough. On the contrary, he was educated for the ministry, and his nature is peaceful. He has never struck a man except in self-defence, and has been basely maligned by rivals in business. Before concluding his pleasant call he subscribed for two copies of the *Howler*, and we suggest that it would be a good idea to make him Sheriff next term."

The Mortgage.

This week we paid off that cancer mortgage, and now feel like a glass of soda water. A mortgage is a queer institution. It makes a man rustle, and it keeps him poor. It is a strong incentive to action and a wholesome reminder of the fleeting months and years. It is fully as symbolical in its meaning as the hour-glass and scythe that mean death. A mortgage also means industry, because it is never idle and it

never rests. It is like a bosom friend, because the greater the adversity the closer it sticks to a fellow. It is like a brave soldier; it never hesitates at charges, nor fears to close in on the enemy. It is like the sand-bag of the thug—silent in application but deadly in effect. It is like the hand of Providence; it spreads over all creation, and its influence is everywhere visible. It is like the grasp of the devil-fish; the longer it holds the greater its strength. It will exercise feeble energies and lend activity to a sluggish brain, but no matter how debtors work the mortgage works still harder. A mortgage is a good thing to have in the family—provided, always that it is in some other fellow's family. It is like a boil, always a good thing on somebody else. It makes a fellow sour, cross, selfish, unsocial and miserable and rarely does him any good, only to exercise him. In that respect it is equal to vigor of life or the latest patent medicine. We've had our last one so far as we know ourself. We would rather have the ague than have a mortgage. Adieu, O death pall, adieu!

—*Ottumwa World.*

A Girl Mail Carrier.

Oregon has a woman mail carrier. Her name is Miss Minnie Westman, and she carries Uncle Sam's mail from the head of navigation on Siuslaw River over the Coast Range Mountains, following up the river to Hale's post-office station, within fifteen miles of Eugene City.

Her route is twenty miles long, and is situated right in the heart of the mountains, where all the dangers and adventures incident to such an occupation abound. She carries the mail night and day, and fears nothing. She rides horseback, and carries a trusty revolver.

Miss Westman is a plump little brunette, and is twenty years old. Her father and uncle operate a stage line and have a contract for carrying the mail. At Hale's Station Minnie meets her father and gets the mail from Eugene City and starts on her round.

Miss Westman has never met with a serious accident in the performance of her duty. On one of her trips last year she found three good sized bears in the road right in front of her. The horse on spying them became frightened, threw his rider to the ground, and turning around ran back the road he came.

Miss Westman, with great presence of mind, started after the runaway, and overtaking him, remounted and rode right through the savage cordon, and, strange to say, she was not attacked. Meeting some friends, she told them of what she had seen, and they went to the place and killed the bears. So far this year Miss Westman has met two bears, which did not molest her.—*Portland Oregonian.*

A Millionaire--But Oh, So Homely.

The homeliest man in the United States was in the Capitol yesterday, and all the clocks stopped at once. His name is Melville Dennon, he hails from Dakota, is worth \$5,000,000 in cold cash, has over 100,000 cattle on his ranches, and owns so much land out in that Territory that he does not know how much it is worth or how many acres there are. To look at him you would size him up as being worth just a ten-cent plugged dime. He is travelling for his health and to see if he cannot better his homely looks. State Senator Erwin would be an Apollo alongside of Mr. Dennon for beauty. "I know I am not good looking," he said, with a smile that started all the clocks again, "but do you know my homely looks saved my life once? How? Well, when I first settled out in Dakota the highways were filled with desperate road agents who were ready for murder and robbery at any moment. I had considerable dust with me when I started out prospecting for land.

"I had been on the road for about three days, riding a white horse and looking about me. Fortune favored me, for I had not run across any of the road agents until about sundown of the fourth day, when I saw ahead of me several suspicious looking customers. They gradually approached me, and when about

twenty-five feet away suddenly halted. They were all agents, on horseback. They whispered for a few moments among themselves with frightened looks and then the leader shouted: 'Great Scott! boys, it's the devil on horseback. Let's git,' and off they flew as if Old Nick himself was really after them." Mr. Dennon is rather proud of his homely looks because it makes him an object of attraction. He has fiery red hair and an extraordinarily large head, but his looks are indescribable. In addition to his pleasure trip East, he is looking for a wife also, and went down to New York City yesterday to see if he could find one who will share his \$5,000,000 and lands with him. He was told he had better stop right here in Albany for a day or two, and he promised to come back if he could not find a wife in New York.—*Albany Argus.*

After Many Years.

Here is a story like those romances you read of in which a maiden waited and the lover returned with a fortune. Charles J. Travis and Lizzie Sherwood worked together in a down town paper house nine years ago. They fell in love, but their salaries were not sufficient to support them. They had abandoned all hope of going together to the altar, when Charley's cousin from the far West arrived and painted glowing pictures of the land beyond the Mississippi. The lovers parted. Letters from the West became fewer and fewer until Lizzie, believing that her lover had forgotten her, plighted her troth to a sailor, a first mate, please, and promised to marry him when he returned from a trip East. The reader may now see that there was a small chance of the lovers running together. The sailor never returned. That ends him, and the reader need not expect to see him bob up again in this tale of love and travel. Lizzie found employment some weeks ago at Leland's Ocean hotel, Long Branch. She was a chambermaid and a pretty maiden.

Two days before the hotel closed for the season a tanned and bearded stranger, evidently a Western man, arrived at the hotel and registered as Charles J. Travis, Deer Lodge, Montana. He was shown to a room, which happened to be in Lizzie's hall. After going to his apartment he discovered that he had no towels, and rang for them. Lizzie handed them to the stranger, who astonished her by suddenly catching her by the shoulders and exclaiming:

"Lizzie Sherwood! I've been looking all over this country for you!"

"Who are you?" cried Lizzie, trying to draw away from the man.

"Why, don't you remember me? Don't you remember when you used to fold papers down at Daily & Co.'s that a big fellow used to see you home on dark nights?"

Lizzie looked up into the bearded face, and though there was very little trace of her old lover, she ventured to ask: "Are you Charley Travis?"

"That's who I am, and you are Lizzie Sherwood, and you promised to marry me. I think it's about time you were keeping your promise, don't you?"

This extremely direct question staggered Lizzie.

Had Lizzie been in the habit of reading the thrilling tales about the eminent Mr. Kilrain and the highly respected Mr. Sullivan, she would have admitted that she was "knocked out." As it was she merely said she would like to have an explanation. He spun a very fine tale about delayed mails, and she owned up about the sailor boy who went sailing away in the stormy seas of Boston and New Haven looking for menhaden. So he asked her to marry him.

"But I will have to get some new clothes," said Lizzie.

"No, you won't; you can get them afterward," said her lover. "You can get lots of them, too, for I've got the money; I've got over 8,000 steers in one herd, besides lots of sheep and horses and money in the bank. I don't fold papers for \$3.50 a week any more. Not much."

"How did you happen to come here?" asked Lizzie.



A PRAIRIE FIRE.

"Well," he said, "I was in New York, and heard so much about the gambling houses down here I thought I'd come down and see what they were like. I didn't expect to make such a big stake myself, though," he added.

Rev. Meniss, of Brooklyn, married them and they went West.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

Over the undulate prairie
I rode as the day was done;
The west was aglow—but to northward
A glare like the rising sun,
Seen through the eddying sea-mists,
Broke on the darkening night,
And a cloud of smoky blackness
Shut out the stars' dim light.

I felt the sweep of the norther,
But a deeper, deadlier chill
Struck to my heart for an instant
With its passage of death and ill.
Then I drew the chinchas tighter
And looked to stirrup and rein,
As the northern glare grew brighter
And the gusts gained strength again.

Then, as we hurried southward
Brighter, nearer and higher,
Like lambent serpents heavenward
Writhe up each flaming spire;
Leaping across the benches
Where the grass was thin and dry,
Rolling in fiery surges
Where the reeds stood rank and high.

A drifting whirl of cinders,
A chorus of blinding smoke,
A roaring sea of fire—
Across the plains it broke!
From the pools the wild fowl darted
To circle the lurid sky;
From his lair the scared deer started,
And swept like a phantom by.

On, towards the distant river,
Wasted by weeks of drouth,
Like a shaft from the sun god's quiver,
We sped towards the murky south.
To halt was death; and far distant
Lay life and safety and rest;
The air grew hot and each instant
The foam fell on counter and breast.

Nearer each moment the fires swept,
Thicker the red sparks fell;
Higher the roaring flames leapt
With the blast of that fiery hell.
I felt that we soon must stifle
In the midst of the narrow trail.

But bravely my trusty courser
Kept on in his headlong flight—
Though his labored breath grew hoarser—
Till the river gleamed in sight.
A plunge through the thickest border
Of withered grass and reed,
And the waters of the river
Laved the heaving flanks of my steed.

Up to the brink of the river
Swept the waves of that fiery sea,
With pulses and limbs a-quiver
I could neither stand nor flee!
I saw the flames tower heavenward
With dim eyes and failing breath;
Then all around was darkness—
A faintness and gloom like death!

When I woke the flames were racing
Far westward o'er bluff and hill;
My faithful steed was grazing
On the banks of our guardian rill;
And I offered thanks to heaven,
Where the stars shone clear and bright,
For the safety and mercy given
To us on that fearful night.

C. W. HALL.

WOLVES IN MONTANA.

G. W. Jackson, the Helena music dealer according to the *Helena Herald*, had an experience lately which now seems rather a frightful nightmare than an actual occurrence. He went out in the Thunder Mountains, about sixty miles north of Townsend, to visit a mine in which he is interested. The mine is located in a secluded gulch far up among the hills in the midst of one of the wildest sections of mountain land known in Montana. He and a companion, R. W. James, of Helena, arrived at the mine about three o'clock one afternoon and immediately started out with their shotguns to get some grouse for supper, the neighborhood abounding with these birds. They walked up the gulch a mile or two and then separated, Mr. Jackson going over a ridge to follow a bird that he had flushed. On returning to the top of the ridge Mr. James was out of sight and Mr. Jackson hallooed to him, but got no answer. Mr. James in the meanwhile had gone back to camp, thinking his companion knew the country and would follow him in. Not being able to find James, Jackson thought it was about time to go back and started in the direction of camp, as he supposed. After walking about a mile he found that he had missed his reckonings and started to retrace his steps. It was now growing dark and at every step the country grew more strange. Finally he sat down to rest, oppressed with the consciousness that he was lost in the mountains. A feeling of dread, of he knew not what, overpowered him for a moment, but this soon passed away and he said: "Pshaw! A night in the mountains in summer is nothing. I can go to sleep under a tree and when morning comes can easily find my way back to camp."

Just as he finished this soliloquy a long, deep howl arose in the woods to his right and echoed with fearful strains throughout the surrounding hills. He roused himself as he recognized the cry of the gray timber wolf, one of the fiercest wild beasts that infest our mountains. The echo had scarce died away when another howl came in answer from the other side of him, then another, until the forest on all sides resounded with the dismal cry. Then a new fear presented itself. The wolves were evidently on his trail. Suppose they should attack him in numbers? His only means of defence was a shotgun and a few shells of birdshot. What should he do? He had not long for reflection, for every moment the shades of night were deepening and the howls of the wolves were increasing and growing louder, showing that the beasts were closing in on him.

His first thought was to climb a tree and bid defiance to the beasts. Near the top of the hill, about in the centre of the opening which he was in, he espied a lone pine tree, a giant of its kind, whose expansive boughs seemed to invite him to their sweet embrace. Spurred on by the blood curdling howls that now formed a chorus of dismal, jangling, discordant walls, Mr. Jackson ran with might and main towards the tree. It was a race up-hill and he sank down at the roots of the giant pine in an exhausted state. He soon recovered his breath and tried to climb the tree. Horror of horrors! The nearest branch was twenty feet above the ground, and the base of the trunk was fully four feet in diameter. He could not scale its smooth bark, and after several ineffectual attempts sank back upon the ground in despair.

But the howls again roused him from his lethargy.



IN THE BAD LANDS OF THE LITTLE M

They were so loud now that he knew the wolves were near at hand. Then the thought struck him to build a fire. He knew this would keep the beasts at bay, and accordingly set about the task. The ground was strewn with dry branches and cones that had fallen from the tree, and soon he had a heap gathered together. But now one of those terrible lightning storms that had given these heights the name of Thunder Mountains arose in all its fury. Peal after peal of

electric artillery rolled from the angry clouds, drowning the howls of the wolves and illuminating the weird scene by vivid flashes of lightning that preceded the thunder. Then the wind blew a perfect hurricane. Match after match he struck, but the wind blew them out as fast as lighted.

Finally with some dry grass a tiny flame was communicated and a welcome blaze sprang up. Fanned by the wind, it soon enveloped the pile of fagots and illuminated the

scene for the circle gaunt and big, gray, their ho arrived a dog. The snapping



OF THE LITTLE MISSOURI, WESTERN DAKOTA.—[From a picture by Rudolph Cronau.]

ing the scene for yards around. And it was just in time, for around the circle of light cast by the flames Mr. Jackson saw the gaunt and hungry forms of at least a dozen wolves—great, big, gray beasts, with flashing eyes and snapping jaws. Their howling ceased for a moment, but soon another pack arrived and took to fighting with the first. It was dog eat dog. The battle waged for a few moments, the beasts snapping and snarling at each other, jumping over their fel-

lows, and all the time howling like a set of demons. Mr. Jackson could see the fight, as the wolves encroached within the circle of light, and his blood turned cold as he thought how he would fare before those terrible jaws. But the battle soon ceased, and then all the wolves, thirty or forty all told, began prowling about the firelight, eyeing Mr. Jackson with their flaming orbs, which looked like balls of fire.

About midnight the storm ceased and darkness impene-

trable settled down on the mountains, the fire illuminating the space around the tree to a distance of forty yards. All this time the gaunt figures of the wolves kept playing around the circle of light, not daring to approach the fire. But their glaring eyes and terrorizing howls proclaimed their fearful presence constantly.

Mr. Jackson busied himself watching the wolves and feeding the fire, which, until now, had not lacked fuel.

But oh, horror! At about two o'clock in the morning, the darkest part of the night, he saw that the fire was growing low and that the emboldened wolves were pressing closer and closer in upon him as the circle of light grew smaller. He had no more wood. Every twig and cone within reach had been heaped upon the fire.

Now there was almost nothing but embers left, and he could see the hungry wolves glaring at him not six yards away. With gun in hand he stood to fight and sell his life dearly as soon as they attacked him. His heart beat like a sledgehammer as he watched the nearest wolf, expecting every moment that the huge, gray monster would spring at him.

Just as he thought the beast was about to make the leap a column of flame shot suddenly up into the air, sending its sparks twenty feet high and scattering the howling wolves. They scampered back in evident horror. A pitch soaked root near the base of the tree had ignited from the fire, and soon the monster trunk, which was coated with resin on that side, was in a blaze. "Saved! saved!" thought Jackson, as he noted the welcome blaze and saw the cowardly wolves shrink away from the fire. The imperiled man thanked Providence for the timely interference, and felt now for the first time absolutely secure as he stood in the light of the blazing tree. Soon daylight appeared, the wolves slunk back to their dens, and just as the sky was reddening with the dawn the last pack of the foiled monsters disappeared over the hill. When the sun rose Mr. Jackson refreshed himself at a neighboring spring and started for camp. He walked till about noon, when he met a party sent out to search for him, and was safely conducted back to camp. He has had enough of camping alone in the mountains.

FRUIT IN EASTERN WASHINGTON.

What a beautiful country for the farmer, the stockman and the orchardist, is the exclamation that involuntarily springs to our lips every time we drive into the country. As we trot along some country road, following its many turns and crooks as it dextrously follows a coulee or skirts the base of a huge basaltic formation, now plunging down in a valley of perhaps a half mile in width where many farm houses may be seen and their yards of trees and shrubbery, and again climbing the opposite bank up, up until at last you are perched on the top of the highlands, and as far as the eye can reach nothing but hills, valleys and a succession of gently rolling plains, covered with a luxuriant growth of bunch grass, which furnishes food for many bands of horses and cattle. These side hills are all that could be asked for vineyards, orchards or dwelling places. The grape grows on the side hills to perfection and if the careful attention of an Italian could be given them it would be only a question of a few years until Adams County could furnish the entire northwest with one of the best varieties grown. To sit in the town or listen to the tales of some old settler does not carry, perhaps, a very correct impression of this country. Borrow a cayuse or carriage and take a jaunt into the country and convince yourself that you are really floating in a sea of honey. All one has to do is to convince himself of this fact by travel and close observation and then stoop down and eat his fill. There are more unimproved opportunities in Adams County than can be found in any other Territory in the Union. Farms free, railroad land at only a few dollars per acre, and one of the finest climates in the world. Fruit trees of all kinds grow well here, as a trip to the ranch of Louis Scholl will prove; located on the side hill, the ten acres of trees commencing at the base of the bluff and running up and onto the level with the highlands. This orchard of apple, peach, pear, prunes, apricot, cherry and many other varieties, is the work of Mrs. Louis Scholl and her boys, Carl, Lewis and Bismarck, and has cost nothing but the cost of trees, planting and an occasional plowing. Those who are doubtful should see Mrs. Scholl and let her inform them as to the prospects she entertains of the future. Judging from the

success with which her efforts have been crowned in the past, and the sensible view taken of the future, we predict great achievements to follow the energies of this truly far-sighted and energetic lady. Go and see the growing trees, let the sight of this young and rapidly growing orchard convince you that it is no longer an experiment, but that the fruit business is one of the coming great industries in this country. Ten acres more will be converted into orchard ground and trees planted immediately. The trees bore better than was expected this year and we are told that next year the Scholl farm will have fruit of all varieties to sell. Are not those words of encouragement? Don't it sound well and look good in print—Adams County fruit for sale—don't it inspire the rancher to put out a small orchard, to try the assured experiment. 'Twill only be a few years until your orchard is bearing, it will grow while you sleep, will furnish your family with wholesome food, increase the value of your farm and soon be a source of revenue. Do it immediately, do not wait.—Ritzville (Wash. Ter.) Times.

FERTILE FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Franklin County while one of the best in Washington Territory, has a lighter population probably than any other. And yet, in fertility of soil, in mildness of climate, in transportation facilities, in good health, and in everything else that makes a pleasant and desirable place to reside, it has no superior on the Pacific Coast. There are fifty-four townships embraced within its borders and nearly every acre is susceptible of cultivation. More than one-half of this vast area—a half million acres—is open to settlement under the United States land laws. On the west the Columbia River is the county line, and on the east, Snake River. Both are navigable streams, uniting at the southern extremity of the county about two miles below Pasco, the county seat. The Northern Pacific Railroad enters the county from the east near the center of the northern boundary line, dividing it into two almost equal parts as it passes out again at the southern extremity en route to the sea. Branching at Pasco, one arm of this great transcontinental line crosses Snake River over a handsome iron bridge just above its confluence with the Columbia, which stream it follows to its terminus at Portland, a city of upwards of 60,000 people and the metropolis of the North Pacific coast, and the other crossing the Columbia over a like bridge at Pasco and continuing its journey to Tacoma, making Pasco the great distributing point for over one-half of the Territory.

From the above outline it can readily be seen that the county is of the form of a flat-iron, the railroad representing the handle with Pasco as the point. Water of the purest and most wholesome kind is obtained at an average depth of fifty feet throughout the county. The winters seldom exceed three weeks and are not severe; stock remaining in good condition on the nutritious bunch-grass the year round without any food. Wheat, oats, rye, barley, broom-corn, sorghum, tobacco, hemp and flax have all been raised, and while engaged in writing this article we are puffing "long-green" of a peculiarly pleasant flavor grown only a few miles from Pasco. Irish and sweet potatoes, carrots, beets, parsnips, turnips, onions, peanuts and almost every other vegetable reach their highest state of perfection. Watermelons weighing sixty pounds are raised here, and fruits of almost every variety can be successfully grown. Indeed Franklin County is a veritable garden spot, and those who have the desire and the courage to make homes for themselves can find here the opportunity.—Pasco Headlight.

A SEA OF TIMBER.

The Montesano, (Wash. Ter.) *Vidette* says: A gentleman with whom we were conversing a short time ago expressed his dissatisfaction with this part of the Territory because of its superabundance of timber. "Why," he declared, "there is a perfect sea of timber; there is timber everywhere; you cannot see

anything but timber, and I, for my part, prefer a prairie country, where I can farm."

It is probably true that many others who come from an open prairie country have been impressed much the same as the gentleman above referred to. But it is clearly evident that only the most superficial observation would elicit such an expression regarding Chehalis County. It is true that within the limits of this county are to be found vast bodies of timber of various kinds and of the finest quality. It may grow monotonous to the new comer to be able to see but little else. But if he has been a resident for even a short time he has not failed to observe that the present wealth and importance of the county is due almost entirely to the lumber interests—the direct product of our timber. He will also notice that with the dozen mills now being operated in the county and which turn out probably a half million feet of lumber a day, the timber has been apparently yet untouched. The question naturally arises: What then must be the future for the lumbering interests of Chehalis County?

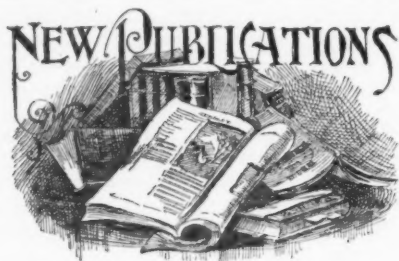
But few people as they pass through the county by stage or steamer see but little of the farms and ranches, of which we can boast not a few. But often back of what seems a comfortable farm house set down in the midst of an endless forest, is a magnificent farm, of which any man might justly feel proud. It may have taken years of labor and expense and privation, but the owner is possessed of that which always brings a sure return. As the timber gradually disappears before the demands of energetic lumbermen it will leave for the benefit of the tiller of the soil land peculiarly adapted for farming and grazing, and that which is not covered with a sea of timber may yet in time yield a rich abundance of products of the farm. The natural wealth of the present will in the future yield to the acquired wealth of the laborer backed by capital.

A GREAT GRAIN COUNTRY.

Hon. Philip Ritz, the well known horticulturist and farmer of Walla Walla, arrived here yesterday from Ritzville. He reports the crops in that section good beyond all expectation and a surprise to everybody. In several places sixty bushels of oats to the acre was raised on land which hitherto had been considered worthless for the culture of oats. Crops throughout the Big Bend country also exceed expectations, and everybody is encouraged. "You may say that this holds good for the entire Columbia River basin," said Mr. Ritz to a *Post-Intelligencer* reporter, "and while I am on the subject of agriculture, I would like to be put on record as making a prediction. In 1874, or thereabouts, after I had taken a good look at the Inland Empire, I said that it had a capacity for producing 100,000,000 bushels of grain annually. Many people regarded the statement as a wild fancy. Since that time we have found that a great deal of land will produce grain which was then thought to have no value for agricultural purposes. After carefully looking over the field again, I am satisfied that the producing capacity of the Inland Empire is more than 200,000,000 bushels per annum."

"How much of the Columbia River basin do you include in 'the Inland Empire'?" asked the reporter.

"Only the part of the basin which lies west of the Blue Mountains and east of the Cascades," answered Mr. Ritz. "This district is 250 miles wide and 400 miles long. The 'Columbia River basin' is too sweeping, because it must include part of British Columbia, a large section in Montana, Southern Idaho, and Southeastern Oregon. By the 'Inland Empire' I mean the Big Bend Country, the Walla Walla Valley, the Palouse region, and both banks of the Columbia River as far down as the Dalles. I don't include the Grand Ronde Valley in Eastern Oregon, and I would like to add that in my opinion the greater portion of the product of the Inland Empire will find its way to market by way of Puget Sound, and I believe the enterprising people of Seattle need no advice as to their duty in the immediate future.—Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*.



The Stories Mother Nature told her Children, by Jane Andrews, is a pleasing little volume for home and school reading, telling in an entertaining way many facts about plants, trees, stones, sea life, etc. Boston, Lee & Shepard; St. Paul Book and Stationery Co. Price of the library edition, \$1.00; of the school edition, 50 cents.

A dainty little New Year's gift is entitled *All the Year Round*, and is a calendar, illustrated with original designs, each month occupying a page on thick bristol board and all bound together with silver rings, silver chain and white silk cord. The pictures are by J. Pauline Sunter. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston and for sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price 50 cents.

Young Maids and Old, by Clare Louise Burnham, is a wholesome and lively novel of New England life and is very good reading for young people. The characters are two old maids, a bachelor of thirty-five, two pretty girls and two young men. There is a little flirting and a good deal of honest love-making in the story, and after a few cross currents and misunderstandings everything comes out right. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston, and for sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.50.

Information for Authors, by Eleanor Kirk, is a volume of 120 pages made up of practical hints and suggestions concerning all kinds of literary work. It will be found valuable to young writers who are seeking to make their way to a recognized position in magazine and newspaper work. The preface says that it was suggested by the large number of enquiries called forth by the recent publication of the author's "Periodicals that Pay Contributors." Published and for sale by the author, at 786 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, price \$1.00.

A pretty holiday gift book is Dinah Mulock's *Christmas Carol*, a white and gold volume printed on bristol board and illustrated with twelve original drawings in colors and sepia by J. Pauline Sunter. The same artist also illustrates Miss Mulock's psalm for the new year entitled *A Friend Stands at the Door*, which in printing and blue ribbon binding is uniform with the former work. The exquisite artistic taste of these volumes will appeal strongly to feminine fancy. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and for sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.00 each.

Ticknor & Co., Boston, have issued five beautiful holiday volumes, each containing a popular song profusely illustrated and printed on heavy paper, with elegant binding. The songs chosen for this series are *Marching through Georgia*, *Nelly was a Lady*, *Massa's in the Cold Ground*, *My Old Kentucky Home* and *The Swanee River*. The Southern scenes, which these poems describe, have been reproduced from careful studies from nature by the well-known Boston artist, Charles Copeland. The price of each volume, is, in cloth \$1.50; Seal \$1.50, flexible calf or tree calf, \$5. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.

We have received three more volumes of Lee & Shepard's "Good Company" series—Richard Steele's *The Lover and Other Papers*, Charles Elam's *Physician's Problems* and Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorp*. Nothing cheaper in the way of good reading than this series has been issued for a long time. The volumes

are well bound in cloth, with black titles and ornaments on scarlet covers, and the retail price is only 50 cents each, the ordinary cost of a new paper-covered novel. If read before these books are all worth reading again and are entitled to a permanent place on the library shelves. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.

The Second Biennial Report of the Dairy Commissioner of the State of Minnesota is a useful and creditable volume, showing the results of a great deal of painstaking and conscientious work on the part of the commissioner and his assistants. Farmers will find in it much fresh scientific information concerning the making of butter and cheese and consumers of those articles will learn from it that efforts on the part of the State authorities to protect them from fraudulent adulterations and imitations of dairy products have been vigilant and successful. Printed as a public document. For copies address the Commissioner, Warren J. Ives, St. Paul.

The successful progress of *Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature* is deserving of notice and commendation. The eleventh volume has appeared, and brings the names down as far in the alphabet as Howells and Howitt. In it among many other authors, Homer occupies over fifty pages, Thomas Hood fifteen and Oliver Wendell Holmes eighteen. This work has the double merit of a reference cyclopedia of the authors of all times and nations and a collection of choice reading. It is almost impossible to open one of the volumes and lay it down in a hurry. Published by John B. Alden, New York. By mail 60 cents per volume in cloth and 70 cents in half morocco.

Hygiene of the Nursery is a book for mothers written by a distinguished Philadelphia specialist, Dr. Louis Starr. Professor of Diseases of Children in the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. The purpose of the book is to instruct and guide mothers in the care of nurslings by pointing out a series of hygienic rules, which, if followed, can hardly fail to maintain good health and lessen the susceptibility to disease. There is little reference to the use of drugs, the author advising the calling of a physician in cases of actual illness, but there is a valuable chapter on emergencies, which tells what to do in cases of accidents and sudden disorders. Published by P. Blackiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia; price \$1.50.

Pansies for Thoughts—is the title of a dainty little volume of extracts from the writings of "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden), compiled and arranged with an appropriate text for each day by Grace Livingston, author of "A Chautauqua Idyl." Perhaps no one woman in this country has done more by her writings to help cheer, ennoble and purify the world than Mrs. Alden. Her earnestness and fervor are magnetic, and people who do not quite endorse her religious sentiments are charmed with her bright, strong, helpful stories—they are so practical, so real, so full of the every-day life, in its struggles and temptations, its joys and sorrows. For with the care and worry and trouble there is always shown "a way out," and "Pansy's" hopeful, earnest words are like a strong arm reached down in time of need. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price 75 cents.

An appropriate gift book for young people is Mrs. Sarah J. Hale's *Manners, Happy Homes and Good Society* a duodecimo volume of 375 pages with novel and handsome binding. The work covers a wide range of important subjects:—love, home, food, language, clothing, recreation, the home-Sunday, the shaping an American home, marriage, how to beautify our homes, society, amusements, engagements and weddings, foreign travel, letter-writing, etiquette, requisites of good society, accomplishments, literature, needlework, visits and social parties, character, conversation, dress, pets, politeness, mistakes in language, domestic etiquette and duties, etc., etc. Mrs. Hall is well-known by her many years of editorship

of *Godey's Lady's Book* and as the author, numerous popular books. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.50.

One of the most elegant holiday art books of the season is *Days Serene*, illustrated from original designs by Margaret MacDonald Pullman. The themes of the pictures are extracts from poems by many poets on the beauties of nature and the illustrations are executed in the best style of American wood engraving. Artist and engravers have co-operated to make an exceedingly beautiful volume and the printers have done their share with the press work. The sketches show a deep sympathy with the poetic side of nature and the careful touch of the trained artist. The volume is a large folio, bound in gray and silver, and is especially adapted for the drawing-room table. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston and for sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$5.

Miss Parloa's New Cook Book, is the title of a large paper-covered volume published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, and sent by mail for 30 cents. Miss Maria Parloa, the author, is principal of the School of Cooking, in Boston, and has written and lectured on the culinary art for many years. In this volume, while going over the whole range of American dishes carefully, she gives especial attention to soups, salads, entrees and desert, for the reason that with a good acquaintance with the first three one can set a table more healthfully, economically and elegantly than with meats or fish served in the common ways, and the light deserts should take the place of the pies and heavy puddings of which many people are fond. The book will be sure to command a large sale.

For a holiday presentation book for little folks, the oddest and most amusing volume that has appeared for a long time is *Queer People with Paws and Claws*, by Palmer Cox, author of "The Brownies." The queer people, described in a series of versified anecdotes and illustrated by a multitude of pictures funny enough to make a horse laugh, "belong to the animal classes both wild and tame," as the pictured preface explains, and they are personified and made to do the drollest things imaginable. A few of the pieces in the volume first appeared in St. Nicholas, or Harper's Young People, but most of them are now published for the first time. All the friends of "The Brownies" will be sure to want this book. Published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia, and for sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.50.

The Adventures of a Chinaman in China, from the French of Jules Verne, in new edition, has been published by Lee and Shepard, Boston. The book has fifty illustrations, and portrays the tribulations of a Chinaman in China, and the reader is permitted "without fatigue" to "glance over the city of Shanghai," and "without fatigue" to "travel through four cities by visiting only one," and to follow Kin-fo and his friends, all philosophers, in their various experiences and adventures in the "Flowery Kingdom." Jules Verne's writings are full of charm, and this translation by Virginia Champlin will bring this author into renewed popularity. The description of towns and ceremonies are relishable and instructive, and the book abounds in the keenest sort of narratives which are sure to bring forth a hearty laugh. For sale by St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.; price \$1.00.

ALOHA.

Song.

In the sweet Hawaiian language,
Aloha means love to you:
'Tis the gentle salutation
Of dear friends and their adieu;
Joy of meeting, grief of parting,
Lovers' message from afar:
So I give the name to you, dear,
Aloha! Aloha!
As I give my love to you, love,
Aloha! Aloha!

W. E. P. FRENCH.



"MEBBY WE'LL SEE THE GHOST."

THE GHOST OF THE CANNON BALL.

How I Came to See it, and the Fate of Poor Brooks.

One day, several years ago, I was range riding on the northern part of the Sioux reservation, situated in the Territory of Dakota, west of the Missouri River.

At the time I speak of I was in the employ of the Ruby Basin Stock Company. It was in the early days of my cowboy experience, but I was nevertheless, for the time being, assistant foreman of the ranch, the regular assistant having a few weeks before, while over at a Missouri River town, become involved in what was termed a "friendly misunderstanding" with a leading speculator of the city, and the result was they were both so badly hurt that the attendance of the post surgeon from a neighboring fort was necessary for several weeks.

The range of the Ruby Basin stock company was ostensibly north of the Cannon Ball River, that being then, as now, the boundary of the reservation, but remarkably fine grass grew south of the river and the cattle not being able to distinguish between the dominions of the United States and the Sioux Indians, would occasionally stray across the river. In fact, to be plain about it, the instructions from the Ruby Basin company to its men were to run the stock on the best range, whichever side of the river it was found, paying no attention to government orders. It is unnecessary to say that we did so. There was really nothing to fear so far as the government was concerned, the only thing we had to guard against being the Indians, who would occasionally run off small bunches of stock.

A few days before I speak of, the Indians had become more aggressive, even trying to stampede the horse herd one night, and it was decided best to move the stock north of the river as quickly as possible. The main body of the several thousand head had been safely driven across and there only remained some scattering bunches here and there which had been in the little draws and along the streams where they could not be seen. To get these few head if possible before the Indians did, a half-dozen of the boys were sent back. I was among those who returned. Gene Howard, one of our men, accompanied me. We left the ranch at about five o'clock in the morning, mounted on our best horses, and started out for a long ride on the reservation. We anticipated no trouble from the Indians as they did not dare to go beyond stealing a few head of cattle when they thought they would not be detected—the stockmen along the river were too numerous and too quick to punish any attack to make it pleasant for them to indulge in anything beyond that. We were well armed, however, and went with the intention of returning.

When we got on the reservation we made a long sweep to the southwest and then to the south and east, crossing the heads of the creeks flowing to Grand River and in sight of Lodge Butte, Eagle's Nest Hills and White Butte. We found no stock and about

three o'clock in the afternoon I directed Gene to bear still further to the south across the canyons leading down to Grand River while I struck across through the Les Belles Pierres Hills and over to a certain crossing on the Cannon Ball where he was to meet me and where we would pass the night and take a run over other parts of the range the next day.

"Mebby we'll see the ghost—it's generally seen about at Rawhide crossing," said Gene, laughing, as he rode away.

"Probably we will," I replied somewhat sarcastically.

This spectre, which was called the ghost of the Cannon Ball, was a favorite theme of conversation among neighboring stockmen when they came together at round-ups. It was claimed that for about a year a weird, ghost-like form in a frail skiff could occasionally be seen in the night time moving up or down or across the river, regardless of the current or wind. For my part I always laughed at the story and only wanted an opportunity to prove to the credulous their mistake.

I rode across the great rolling prairie alone. Much of the time I could see a score of miles in every direction. It was a clear, warm afternoon, with just enough wind stirring to wave the tall prairie grass and fan one's face and give a delightful feeling of freedom and independence. One who has never swept across the open prairie alone, not a human being within miles, with the long, swinging gallop of the cayuse, may ask what difference the wind could make with the feeling of freedom and independence. But any one who has tried it knows that it does. There is something invigorating about the wind in this open country which makes one wish he could ride on forever facing the cool breeze, and reaching the horizon's far-off verge time after time, only to again look far away over the billowy plain to another meeting of the earth and sky. Nothing else in the world approaches it for pure enjoyment. It makes a person feel strong, buoyant, and above all, independent. An hour's dash across the open prairie would be worth more to the sickly city clerk than all the dumb-bells and Indian clubs he could crowd into a life-time.

I passed among the low Les Belles Pierres Hills, but found none of the missing stock. Then I went across more prairie and down a little ravine which led to the head of Rawhide Creek, that flowed to the Cannon Ball. This I intended to follow till I struck the river. I had proceeded several miles, passing the east fork of Rawhide Creek, down which I expected Gene to come, and had left the creek to strike across the point of land between that and the river and thus reach the crossing, when in coming out from among some low cottonwoods I suddenly came full upon a man sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree of large dimensions, with a Winchester across his knee.

"Hello, stranger," I said, with the easy familiarity my life in the West had given me.

"How are you," returned the man.

A broncho, saddled and bridled, was snorting and backing off as it saw me, after the usual manner of that animal.

"Many deer in here now?" I asked by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, a good many; I shot one last week. See any antelope out in the open country?"

"Yes; I saw a dozen different bunches of them today."

"I'm going up after some in a day or two. Going to stop around here to-night?"

"Yes, I reckon I'll camp down about the crossing somewhere."

"Just as well come up and stay with me and get a warm meal as to eat grub you've packed around all day. Got a good place for you to sleep too—you'll find the ground blamed hard at the crossing."

"I'm used to that kind of a bed a good deal of the time, but I always take a better one when I can get it. I never find so much fun sleeping in a blanket and chopping my supper in two and calling the last half of it breakfast, as some of these fellows who come out on a week's hunt say they do. It isn't all it's cracked up to be."

"You're right there; and they wouldn't find it any better if they had a steady diet of it for a few years. My place is right up here a little ways."

Then he caught his broncho and led it over and we proceeded to examine the brands on each other's horse till, both being convinced that the other was not riding a stolen animal, and mutual confidence being thus established, he mounted and led the way along a narrow trail among the cottonwoods.

"My partner was going to meet me at the crossing, but I'm afraid he'll miss me," I said.

"If he comes down the creek I reckon we'll hear him. If we don't we can ride down to the crossing after awhile and see if he's there."

By this time we had come up to a little square log-house built against the bluff. It was concealed by a thick growth of dwarf cedars and other small trees and although on the round-ups I thought I had become acquainted with the whole country I had never seen it before. We picketed our horses in a small open place a short distance along the bluff and went in. My host was a middle-aged man with a somewhat prematurely old appearance. His eyes some of the time had a sort of gleam in them and again they wandered and seemed to stare at something far off. At such times he appeared to be lost to everything present. Perhaps he would stop almost in the middle of a sentence and gaze off out of the low door into the gathering darkness and seem to forget that I was present. Gradually he became less and less talkative. Despite the habit I had acquired by long residence in the West of never making many inquiries of any person I met, unless I was very sure they would be willingly answered, I nevertheless felt a strong desire to know something about this strange man. He was living on an Indian reservation, but alone, so he could not be a "squaw man," that is, a white man who had married an Indian woman. There was not, to my certain knowledge, another human habitation, except scattering stock ranches, for over a hundred miles and no settlement to amount to anything for several hundred miles. He was not a rough uneducated man, such as are sometimes found far in advance of civilization, but the reverse. He used good language and I noticed a number of books on a shelf and a volume of Burns' poems on a soap box by the bed.

He cooked a good supper at a fire-place and after we had eaten he became still more silent. We had as yet heard nothing of Gene and I determined to ride down to the crossing a half-mile distant, and see if he was not waiting for me. My new found friend offered to accompany me and we saddled our horses and rode away towards the river. We soon arrived there, but could find no trace of Gene and I concluded that he had probably struck the trail of some of the missing stock and had been delayed and would not reach the river that night.

We turned our horses heads towards the cabin of

my companion and started to return. A light wind was still blowing, rustling the leaves on the cottonwoods. The stars were shining, but there were frequent flashes of lightning from some cloud low down on the horizon—the way storms frequently announce their approach in an open prairie country. Once or twice I thought I caught the low, solemn rumble of the thunder from the far-away flashes and there was a peculiar rustle to the leaves and feeling to the atmosphere which told me that the storm was approaching and would reach us before morning. We were just going up onto the first "bench" above the river, which was gurgling and murmuring behind us, when my companion suddenly drew up his animal and whispered hoarsely as he turned half around and pointed up the river.

"My God! She is coming again!"

"What is it?"

"What! See!—can't you see her there?"

As I first looked in the direction he pointed I saw something move at the edge of the water and disappear behind some shrubs close at the edge of the river. I even fancied that I saw the outlines of a frail skiff with a figure standing in the bow as if ready to step to the shore behind the clump of bushes. It flashed into my mind with sudden earnestness that perhaps others who had said they had seen the ghost of the Cannon Ball had had more ground for the belief than I had ever given them credit for. But I speedily dismissed the thought and said:

"It must be some stock that has come down to drink—I'll ride over and see."

"No, no!" he whispered, "don't leave me—it isn't anything of the kind! Don't go there, come on with me!" and he struck his horse with his spurs and reached for my arm as if he would force me to go with him if he was obliged to.

We soon reached the house and after we had gone in he shut and barred the door and sat down on the edge of the bed, motioning me to the only chair. He sat for a long time with his face buried in his hands and said nothing. Gradually the long, low roll of the distant thunder became more frequent and the steady breeze changed into fitful gusts of wind between which were those dead calms so oppressive that it seems as if nature had paused, which always precede a heavy storm on the great plains. After some time he arose from the bed and drawing a low box close up to my chair, sat down on it and said:

"Do you know who I am?"

"No."

"I didn't know but perhaps some of the boys who had seen me had told you about me, though I never saw but one or two before you, since I have been here. Well, I'm not much of anybody—I was simply wondering if you had ever heard of me. My name is Brooks. I have lived here about a year."

He paused and I said:

"Don't you find it lonesome living here all alone?"

"One place is as lonely as another to me and has been for years. I came to this out-of-the-way place to try for rest, but she came too—she followed me—she always will follow me—she will kill me and it will only be right—I wish I was dead now!"

He said it with fearful earnestness and his eyes gleamed almost like a maniac's. "She comes here to me a ghost," he added, "yes, a ghost, comes through the wall and stands and gazes at me here alone."

"Does she do nothing else?"

"Nothing else! Is not that enough—to stand and look at me and reproach me with those great pleading eyes of hers?"

There was a sharp clap of thunder which sounded

very close and he started up and went to the little window and looked out. Then he returned to the low box and sat down and said:

"She will come again to night—it has been three nights since she was here and she comes as often as that. Then we saw her step to the shore—when she does that she always comes—she floats every night on the river, but when she comes to the land it is to again haunt me and drive me mad."

He rocked to and fro on the box in the violence of his agitation. The lightning flashed through the little window and the thunder was growing louder. I was getting somewhat nervous myself. I paused a few



"MY GOD! SHE IS COMING AGAIN!"

moments and said:

"Who is she and why does she follow you about?"

"Why? you ask," he said, ignoring my first question, and his voice trembled, "why does she follow me! Why should she not follow me! She follows me for revenge—and she has it—but not enough! If I were her I would follow the object of my fury more closely—I would kill him!" He ground his teeth together as in imagination he pronounced his own doom. Then he added: "But she has more revenge as it is—death to me would be a relief—though my punishment will go on."

"But why does she haunt you?"

"For revenge, for revenge, I say!"



"DON'T LOOK AT ME IN THAT WAY! FORGIVE ME. FORGIVE ME!"

"Yes, yes, but why for revenge?"

"Why for revenge," he repeated slowly, "why should she not have revenge? I was worse than a brute,—it was many years ago—I wronged her—yes, I wronged her—and she died, but her sorrowful pleading eyes have been on me ever since—always, always, and they ever will be. She was—but there, there, see! there she is, there she is!"

A strange feeling came over me and objects appeared to have hazy outlines. It was deathly still and even the lightning ceased. The air was close. The flame of the candle seemed to grow dim and re-

treat and burn on the other side of the wick from the corner that he pointed to. I tried to turn to look, but could not. Then it seemed as if a faint breath of air just touched my cheek and I made a mighty effort and turned and looked.

There was the Ghost of the Cannon Ball. There were the great, pleading, forgiving eyes that he had told me of. They were fixed on him now, with the same pleading, forgiving look that he had seen in them so often—perhaps the first time years ago when their owner was living. The spectre did not move. It seemed shadowy, and was dressed in a long white robe with a white veil thrown over its head. But the face kept my attention. It was that of a young woman, very pale, but handsome, though with traces of suffering. But the figure and even the countenance could claim but small notice with those great luminous eyes turned toward one. Her whole soul seemed to be in her eyes and they grew more pleading, more forgiving, the longer they gazed at the almost prostrate figure before her and at my side.

Suddenly he started up, looked into her eyes and cried:

"My God! don't look at me that way! Forgive me! forgive me!" He put his hand over his eyes and staggered back a step or two. I felt a flash as if powder had been exploded in my face, my eyes closed as if I was blinded, I heard nothing, and it was the last I remember of that terrible night.

The next thing I realized was that I was lying on a bed and some one was moving about the room. There was a terrible steady pain in my head and sharp, sudden pains in different parts of my body. I opened my eyes and recognized the log cabin of the night before. I noticed the roof was strangely splintered and torn. I turned my head and saw Gene standing and looking out the door. He came towards me and said:

"Hello, pardner, I struck your horse out here an' looked along an' found the house. You were in pretty bad shape."

"What was the matter?"

"Lightnin' knocked the devil out o' things. You were lying on the floor here all in a bunch an' this man is dead."

I raised myself on my elbow and saw my companion of the evening stretched on the floor as he had fallen.

"Poor fellow," I said, "it must have killed him instantly."

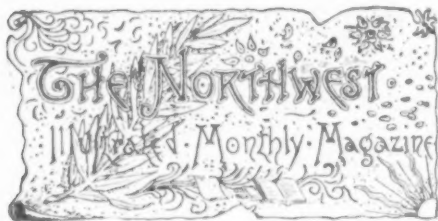
"That's the way lightnin' generally gets in its work. It come mighty near fixin' you the same way, I reckon."

I lay back and thought of the night before and it seemed as real to me as it did then—but no more so than it does to this day. I rested a while and was able to get up.

Before we left we made a decent grave for poor Brooks near the cabin where he had lived and where she came to visit him.

And in a pocket I found a little leather case and in it a worn but quite distinct picture of a fair young girl. She had the same earnest, pleading, forgiving eyes of the Ghost of the Cannon Ball.

Russia leather is made in Connecticut, Bordeaux wine is manufactured in California, Italian marble is quarried in Kentucky, French lace is woven in New York, Marseilles linen is produced in Massachusetts, English cassimere is made in New Hampshire, Parisian artwork comes from a shop in Boston, Spanish mackerel are caught on the New Jersey coast and Havana cigars are rolled by the million in Chicago.



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E. V. SMALLEY, — EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, DECEMBER, 1888.

THERE is nothing so cheap in the Northwest just now as farming lands, whether cultivated or uncultivated. The next active movement in real estate will be in land, not in town lots. The cities and towns have had their speculative boom; now it is the turn of the country. Land in Minnesota and Dakota can be had to-day for lower prices than were paid five years ago. This state of things will not last much longer. Population in the United States is increasing rapidly and there must soon be a demand for fertile land that will outrun the supply. He who buys a farm, or a tract of wild, tillable land, at present prices, will be sure to find a few years hence that he has made a safe and profitable investment.

A LEADING feature of each number of this magazine, as our readers know, is an illustrated article on some town or region of country in the Northwestern States and Territories. To show the impartiality with which we cover the whole field between Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean the following recapitulation of the work of 1888 is given. During this year we have published as a leading feature, in a separate number each, illustrated articles on towns or special regions as follows: Wisconsin, two, Ashland and Superior; Minnesota, two, North St. Paul and our St. Paul Carnival number; Dakota, two, one on Eastern and one on Western Dakota; Montana one, on Winnipeg; Washington, two, one on Seattle and one on new farming regions; Oregon, one, on Portland.

DURING the year just closing more miles of railroad have been built in Washington than in any other of the Territories. The most important construction work has been on the Palouse and Big Bend branches of the Northern Pacific, on the Oregon and Washington road, from Wallula to Walla Walla and Centerville; on the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern, and on the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co.'s line in the direction of the Coeur d'Alene mines. Work has also been commenced on the Vancouver and Yakima road, on a narrow gauge road from Ilwaco to Shoalwater Bay, on a lumber road from Orting southward along the base of the Cascade Mountains and on a road from Seattle to Westminster, British Columbia. Next year's mileage record promises to equal that of this year. Population is steadily flowing into the Territory and railway building is not in advance of the supporting capacity of the country.

VERY POOR POLICY.

THE attempt of the Canadian Pacific Railroad Company to prevent the building of a new road from Winnipeg to Portage la Prairie, by obstructing a crossing and guarding it with an armed force, was very poor policy, to say nothing of the question of right and wrong involved. This action is all the more surprising when it is remembered that the General Manager of the Canadian Pacific, Mr. Van Horne, is an American, of long experience on roads in the States before he went to the Dominion. He must know how futile such efforts have always been in this country and how seriously they irritate the communities interested in the building of new roads. No old road ever long delayed the construction of a new line by blocking a crossing point. If this sort of thing were practicable there would be no competing roads. The first road built would hold the territory it occupied and keep out all others.

In the Manitoba case the attempt was peculiarly unwise. The Canadian Pacific had just relinquished its claim to the transportation monopoly in Manitoba for a heavy additional subsidy from the Dominion Government, but as soon as the Province endeavored to profit by this bargain and sale, by building a road which crossed one of the lines of the C. P., it encountered armed resistance. Only by a strategic movement, and by deflecting the new road so as to make the crossing on a turnpike, were the Government contractors able to get an engine across the hostile road so as to go on with tracklaying. The Canadian Pacific management has deeply angered the people of Manitoba and has gained no advantage except a few weeks delay in the work on the Portage la Prairie line. They have put their company in the indefensible attitude of seeking by legal tricks and by brute force to hold on to their monopoly in Manitoba after having received their price for giving it up. The good will of communities is worth a great deal to a railway company. It will be many years before the people of Manitoba forget the outrage put upon them by the C. P. They will give their business to the new competing roads wherever they can. A sagacious railway manager knows how to keep the friendship of the communities this line traverse without in any way sacrificing the real, permanent interests of his company, but the big Canadian corporation, relying on its great influence with the Dominion Government, has treated Manitoba as if it were a conquered province given over to its absolute rule. After a while it will learn to its cost that the resentment of the Manitoba people means a loss of annual revenue of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Ten years of fair and liberal treatment will be required to mollify the antagonisms it has created during the past few months.

FOUR NEW NORTHWESTERN STATES.

ONE of the results of the recent Presidential election will be the early admission of four new Northwestern States—if not this winter, surely not later than the first session of the next Congress. Dakota will be divided pretty close to the line of the 46th parallel of latitude; not on that line, however, for it cuts counties and towns. Probably the south line of Richland, Sargent, Dickey, McIntosh and Emmons Counties will be the boundary line to the Missouri River. West of the river the line will be prolonged across the unorganized counties, leaving Morton, Stark and Hettinger in North Dakota. South Dakota has already adopted a constitution and is ready for admission at once. It would be a gracious and just thing for the House to admit her this winter and to provide for North Dakota's coming in at the next session. South Dakota will be entitled to three members of Congress at once and North Dakota to two. Montana held a constitutional convention two years ago. She is over twenty years old as a Territory and has ample population for a State, under the most stringent rule that has ever been applied. Washington is also fully prepared for admission. By 1890 she will be entitled to two if not to three members of Congress.

When the Territories that have the strongest claims to Statehood are admitted we believe that it would be

wise to let all the others come in, except, of course, Alaska. They have been long enough in a condition of tutelage. New Mexico and Utah have each at least three times, and Arizona twice, the population of Nevada, which has been a State ever since 1864. Wyoming is sparsely settled, but is fully able to manage her own affairs and to support the burdens of home government. Idaho has not yet reached the population required in the last apportionment for the constituency of a Member of Congress, but she is growing fast, both in her mining and farming districts, and will come up to the mark by 1890.

Even if there should be an unwillingness in Congress to provide for the admission of all the eight Territories, we may feel sure that the two Dakotas, Montana and Washington will come into the Union before the new administration at Washington is a year in power. The victorious party is pledged to admit them and the defeated party is not likely to make further objections. Their admission as States will attract fresh attention to their resources and advantages and their population will increase by immigration at a more rapid rate than heretofore. A Territory gets a big advertisement when she enters the Union as a State. All the newspapers discuss her history, growth, products and people. The result is that new settlers flock in and capitalists come, seeking investments for their money in new enterprises. With the exception of Nevada, which has no resources except mines, every State in the West enjoyed a period of very rapid development immediately after her admission, and this will be the history of our vigorous Northwestern communities.

LET THEM COME.

THE population of the United States in 1790 was 3,929,827. It had increased by 1880 to 50,155,783. If the increase had been confined to the excess of births over deaths, in accordance with the natural order of things, the population would have been about 15,000,000. Had it not been for immigration the country would not have its present number of people for a hundred years to come. In 1880 nearly seven million or thirteen per cent of our inhabitants were born in foreign lands, and half of the entire population was one or two removes from foreign birth. In less than one hundred years the thirteen colonies, scattered along the Atlantic sea board, diversified in interests and inharmonious, have grown into a mighty nation spanning the continent and possessing untold riches and boundless resources. The wonderful development of agricultural interests, the railway growth, the unfolding of mines and manufactures, as well as foreign and domestic trade, have been anticipated seventy-five years by the coming of Europeans. They read of this land in holy writ:

"When ye go, ye shall come unto a people secure, and to a large land; for God hath given unto your hands a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth"—Judges, XVIII. 10.

We wonder if our people comprehend the magnitude of the republic. Take for example Montana Territory. It is only one of forty-eight chief civil divisions into which the country is divided, and yet it is larger than England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, with Belgium and the Netherlands, across the channel, thrown in to fill up the measure, the combined population of which countries exceed forty-five millions.

The great American labor stomach has received and will continue to receive, digest and assimilate all peoples, languages and tongues. There is no time in this country, shaking under the tread of the giants, Enterprise and Business, to ask new comers: "Who is your father," or whether in their veins flow the blue blood of kings. "What can you do, and what do you know?" "Are you industrious and reliable?" These are the questions instead of those of ancestry. America is the inspiration of the world, from whence across the seas to all lands has gone the spirit of democracy to leaven the lumps of blood aristocracy and ancient feudalism. There is a peaceful blending in this country of all nationalities, those who settle here became Americans, a part of the most numerous

English speaking nation of the earth. Excepting the unruly elements in the large cities, Mormon accessions and the Chinese, no complaint can be justly made against the multitudes who come. There is a larger percent of foreign born people in the Northwest States and Territories than in the old States, yet who can say that good order is no less assured here than there and as high a standard of local and individual honor and integrity. Dakota with a population, more than half foreign born, rivals any commonwealth in the land in all of the elements of progressive civilization, having more churches, newspapers, schools and banks, per capita than three-quarters of the States in the Union. A larger proportion of Germans and Scandinavians come to the Northwest than anywhere else. They are worthy and industrious. They come not only possessed of a knowledge of mechanics, agriculture or some useful trade, but also bring money with them. We have before us a consular report which speaks of the departure of 200,000 Germans to America in one year, carrying with them no less than fourteen million dollars at the low estimate of \$70 to each person. The report further says that the yearly loss to the empire is great in men and money, by the agricultural and industrial classes going to "the inviting plains beyond the Mississippi."

The great land owners and manufactures, of Germany, and all of Europe, are alarmed at the growing importance of America. Long ago "The Congress of German Agriculturists" declared that American competition in breadstuffs and meats was endangering German production of these staples and the government was asked to restrict the importation of the leading articles. It will be remembered that Bismarck inaugurated the movement against American products by prohibiting the importation of pork, alleging disease. This German Congress said, "By the boundless extension of wheat cultivation in America, a heavy burden will permanently rest on German agriculture—likewise the cattle herds of North America will gradually conquer the markets of Western Europe, and render cattle breeding unprofitable." We don't wonder at the flight of Europeans from their homes, where the greed of taxation to support extensive military and royal establishments is most grievous. A German paper expressed the situation in these words: "Frightful distress is not only knocking at our doors, but has taken triumphant possession of our homes." And no one can express surprise at the utterance of a member of the Reichstag—or German Parliament—to-wit: "The German people have now but one want—money enough to get to America."

America, furnished with technical science, capital and boundless resources of field and mine, has entered the world's markets with a force that no other country can meet and resist. Emerson says "America is another name for opportunity. Our whole history appears like a last effort of the Divine Providence in behalf of the human race." The people of the United States yearly consume forty bushels of grain and 120 pounds of meat per capita to seventeen and fifty-seven in Europe respectively. The Americans are the best fed people in the world.

MOSES FOLSOM.

THE St. Paul Carnival Committee have chosen a site for the ice palace of 1889 on the west side of the river, near the Wabasha Street bridge, where the beautiful structure can be seen by all the passengers on arriving and departing trains. This is a wise selection. The bridges can all be utilized for illuminating effects and the superb storming scene can be witnessed by the whole population of the city and as many visitors as may come. The grounds will not be enclosed and admission will be charged only at the doors of the palace. It is the purpose of the committee to devise some special attractions for the interior of the palace, which everybody will want to see. The carnival season will be shorter than heretofore and all the chief events will probably be crowded into one week, so that there will be no flagging of interest from first to last.



IN these days of shoddy architecture—of veneered fronts, dangerously thin walls and pasteboard partitions—it is a positive pleasure to note such solid and honest work as is now being done on some of the new buildings in St. Paul. Look, for example, at the Germania Insurance Company's building, on the corner of Minnesota and Fourth streets. To put in the massive foundations took all summer and most of the fall. The facade is of huge blocks of dressed Bay-field stone and the partition walls are twice as thick as most outer walls of business buildings. Such an edifice will stand for all time.

THE Icelanders are so numerous in the lower Red River Valley that a newspaper has been started at Pembina, Dakota, in their language. These people are industrious and intelligent and the soil and climate of their new homes are so much better than in their native land way up by the Arctic circle that they peedily become prosperous. They are rather undersized in stature but muscular and active. Their language is the old Scandinavian tongue, which, while modified in the course of centuries in Norway and Denmark, has undergone little change in their remote island. In religion they are Protestants of the Lutheran type.

SINCE the days of Custer Fort A. Lincoln, five miles below Mandan, has only been a two company post, but the garrison has just been increased by the addition of another company, and the inspector of the department has recommended that the force be increased to six companies, the full capacity of the quarters. The nearness of the military adds not a little to the exchequers of the merchants, and much to the social life of the town. The soldier's occupation is not a very dangerous one in the West now that the Indians begin to wear pantaloons and put their hands to the plow, which they could not do when they employed them in holding on their blankets. When the blanket goes an Indian loses a part of his savagery.

DO dogs actually understand the meaning of words is a question sometimes discussed by writers on animal intelligence. There is a man in Steele, Dakota, who has no doubts on this matter. He owns a handsome dog named Jeff, a cross between a St. Bernard and a Scotch collie. He also owns a number of horses. The dog knows each horse by name and when his master wants one driven up from the pasture to the barn, he has only to say, "Jeff, bring up Jack," or whatever the name of the horse may be that he wishes to use, and the dog runs off, singles out the right horse and drives it in. The master was once away from home for a week, and Jeff grieved so much for his absence that he refused to eat for two days and the family feared he would starve himself to death.

IT is a common saying in Dakota that the people who came to the Territory with no money are better off now than are those who brought considerable money with them. This is no doubt true in many instances and the explanation is that the settlers who came with no capital knew that they must rely upon industry and self-denial for success while those who had some means were extravagant at the start and were as a rule not experienced farmers. Probably they relied too much on Dakota soil and Dakota ozone and not enough on their own energy and muscle. The emigrants who arrived three years ago with hardly anything to start with, with few exceptions now find themselves in possession of at least \$60 acres of land to each family, with farm machinery, cattle and

horses. They are, in fact, just so much ahead, for in the old parts of the country from which they migrated they were only able to live from hand to mouth.

THE landlord of the hotel at New England City, Dakota, was formerly a Maine sea captain. I asked him how he came to emigrate to a region that is about as far from salt water as any place on the American continent. His old mother replied for him—"Because I wanted him to go where nothing would remind him of ships or the ocean. He has been shipwrecked three times and I am determined that he shall spend the rest of his life on dry land." I asked the captain to tell the story of his perilous adventures, but he modestly spoke only of the humorous side of them. One of his wrecks was in the Mediterranean, when his vessel foundered and he was picked up by an Austrian brig. He said the crew of the brig had nothing to eat but three kinds of beans, of different colors. They had white beans one day, blue beans the next, and red beans the third, thus enjoying a change of diet in the most inexpensive manner possible. The captain's little hotel stands on the bank of the Cannon Ball River, but the good old lady don't allow him to build a skiff for rowing on the small stream for fear he will be wrecked again.

FOUR hundred miles travel in North Dakota, in spring wagons and buggies, during the months of September and October last, served to confirm an opinion I formed long ago, that our system of settling the western prairies is radically wrong in one respect. The farmers should live in villages, instead of in isolated farm houses. The Government land laws prevent this, by requiring every homesteader or pre-emptor to reside upon his claim. If the settler were allowed to live within two or three miles of his claim, the evident advantages of association would naturally draw people together in little farming villages. All other plains countries in the civilized world are settled in this way. The inhabitants live in villages and go out to till their lands for distances rarely exceeding two miles. To show how feasible village settlement would be if the land system did not stand in the way, take a diagram representing four sections of land, an area two miles square. Reserve forty acres in the center for a village and then divide the land into sixteen farms, by lines radiating from the center to the outer boundaries. Here you would have sixteen families, all living in the village yet each living on its own farm and having not more than a mile to go to reach the most distant part of the farm.

THE advantages of farm village life over isolated life on prairie farms are so obvious that they need hardly be discussed. In the first place the sixteen families living in a village in accordance with the above plan for a division of the land, would support a school. The school house would be the central feature of the place and could be used on Sundays for religious services and on many week-day evenings for social gatherings. There would be a winter term of school. Now the schools in the prairie regions are closed during the winter months, except in the old and well settled districts, because the children cannot well undergo the hardships of travelling long distances across the snowy plains where there are no broken roads. They are thus kept at home during the months when there is little on the farm to occupy mind or body and when they most need to be in school. The loneliness of far life, where the nearest neighbors are from half a mile to two miles distant is particularly severe upon the women who are shut up in their little houses most of the time. In a village they would have plenty of society. Life would be much brighter to them and they would be much more contented and healthy for the evening social gatherings and the frequent interchange of visits. A spirit of co-operation would be developed among the men. They would exchange work, join in the purchase of threshing machinery, the digging of wells, the purchase of supplies and many other things. In a word, most of the objections to farm life would be done away with at once.

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National Bank; Portland, Or., First National Bank; St.
Paul, Minn., National German-American Bank; London,
The Alliance Bank, Limited; Berlin, Dresdner Bank.
Deal in Foreign and Domestic Exchange at Market Rates.
Collections receive prompt attention.
J. HOOVER, Cashier.

H. BOLSTER & CO.,

SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

Real Estate and Financial Agents,
MORTGAGE LOANS AND OTHER INVESTMENTS FOR NON-
RESIDENTS A SPECIALTY.

REFERENCES: First National Bank, Trades National Bank, Bank of Spokane Falls. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

BANK OF SPOKANE FALLS,
(Organized in 1879)
A. M. CANNON, Pres't. B. H. BENNETT, Cashier.
OLDEST BANK NORTH OF SNAKE RIVER.
RESOURCES \$250,000
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Exchange on all the Principal Cities Bought and Sold.
Interest allowed on Time Deposits.
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Negotiate First Mortgage Loans on Improved Farm and City Property.

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DEALER IN
Real Estate, Mines, Live Stock, Loans,
ETC.

OFFICE, Southeast Cor. Stevens and Riverside Aves.,
SPOKANE FALLS, W. T.

My carriage is always in waiting to show strangers over our city. Call and ask to see the popular tracts known as "Webster," "Alta Vista" and "Boston Heights."

CLOUGH & GRAVES,
Real Estate Agents,

SPOKANE FALLS, - - - WASH. TER.
We have a fine list of desirable property for investments, including Business, Residence and Farm Property.
References: A. M. Cannon, Bank of Spokane Falls.
Correspondence solicited.

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\$100,000 to Loan on Improved Farming Lands.
Correspondence solicited.
Will make investments for non-residents

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Investments made for non-residents.
Correspondence solicited.
Refers to A. M. Cannon, Bank of Spokane.

No. 3172.

Merchants National Bank, Tacoma, W. T.

Merchants National Bank—oldest Bank in Tacoma,
In their Building, Cor. Pacific Avenue and 11th St.
Paid up Capital, - \$100,000.
Surplus (Over Dividends), 37,000.

W. J. THOMPSON, Pres't. HENRY DRUM, Vice-Pres't.
SAMUEL COLLYER, Cashier. R. J. DAVIS, Asst. Cashier.
Directors—M. F. Hatch, Walter J. Thompson, M. M. Harvey, Geo. F. Orchard, Henry Drum, L. F. Thompson.
Deposits (large and small) of individuals, firms or banks receive careful attention. Collections made and proceeds promptly remitted. Interest on time deposits.

CHAS. H. AITKEN, Jr.,

Notary Public,

Real Estate, Insurance, Loan and Collection Agency.

1309 Pacific Ave., Rooms 1, 2, 3.
TACOMA, - - - WASH. TER.
Correspondence solicited.

Gen. J. W. Sprague, W. R. Blackwell, W. Fraser,
President, Vice President, Cashier.

TACOMA NATIONAL BANK.

(First National Bank in the City.)

Capital Stock, \$400,000. Surplus, \$35,000.

DIRECTORS.
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PERCIVAL & ANDRUS,
Land and Loan Agents,

CHENEY, (Spokane Co.), WASH. TER.,

Have for sale a large list of FARMING LANDS, both with and without improvements; also sell NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS. Loan money for Eastern parties on first-class farm land security, for from one to five years' time.

Fifteen Years' Residence.

BEN E. SNIPES, W. R. ABRAMS.

BEN E. SNIPES & CO.,

BANKERS.

ELLENSBURG, - - - WASH. TER.

A General Banking Business Transacted.
A Private Bank. Individual responsibility over \$500,000
Correspondents: National Park Bank, N. Y.; National German-American, St. Paul, Minn.; Ladd & Tilton, Portland, Or.; Merchants National, Tacoma; London, Paris & American, San Francisco; Dexter, Horton & Co., St. Louis.

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FRANK DEKUM, PRESIDENT.

First, Portland Savings Bank.

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Cashier, Commercial National Bank.

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MANAGERS:

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Investments Made and Loans Negotiated for Non-Residents.

REAL ESTATE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

Correspondence solicited.

424 Washington St., Portland Savings Bank Building,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

The First National Bank,

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**Designated Depository and Financial Agents
of the United States.**

Capital and Surplus, - - - \$1,000,000.

HENRY FAILING, President.

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G. E. WITHERINGTON, Cashier.

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Established 1859.

Established 1859.

LADD & TILTON,
BANKERS,

PORTLAND, - - - OREGON,

Transact a General Banking Business.

Interest allowed on Time Deposits.
Collections made at all points on favorable terms.
Letters of Credit issued, available in Europe and the Eastern States.

Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Omaha, San Francisco, and various points in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia.

Exchange sold on London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfurt and Hong Kong.

Commercial National Bank,

OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

Capital \$250,000. Surplus \$50,000.

President, D. P. THOMPSON.

Vice-President, R. M. WADE.

Cashier, R. L. DURHAM.

Asst. Cashier, H. C. WORTMAN.

Sight Exchange and Telegraphic Transfer sold on New York, Boston, Chicago, Omaha, St. Paul, San Francisco and all principal places throughout the Northwest.

Exchange sold on principal cities in Europe and on Hong Kong.

Special rates on Eastern Exchange to new-comers.

Collections receive prompt attention.

WISCONSIN.

EDWARDS & QUAM,
REAL ESTATE.

We own an Addition near the great Blast Furnace, Ashland; also deeded farms in Dakota and Kansas. Can satisfy customers as to terms as we only handle our own property. Will save customers commission.

English, Scandinavian and German spoken.

117 East Seventh St., ASHLAND, WISCONSIN.

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S. A. ROWBOTHAM & CO.,

450 Main Street, - - - Winnipeg, Man.

Real Estate Agents.

Winnipeg Property a Specialty.

Correspondence invited.

PRICES OF LEADING NORTHWESTERN STOCKS.

Messrs. Gold, Barbour & Corning, 18 Wall Street, New York, report the following closing quotations of miscellaneous securities November 23:

	Bid.	Asked.
Northern Pacific, common	24 1/2	25 1/4
" " preferred	58 3/4	58 3/4
" " 1st Mortgage Bonds	117	117 1/2
" " 2d	109 1/4	110 1/4
" " 3d	100	100 1/4
" " Missouri Div.	163 1/2	—
" " P. & O. Oreille	163 1/2	—
St. Paul & Duluth, common	36 1/2	38
" " preferred	97	99
" " 1st bonds	111	114
Oregon & Transcontinental	29 1/2	29 1/2
" " 6's 1922	101 1/2	102
Oregon Railway & Navigation	91	92
" " 1st bonds	111	112
" " Cons Mts 6's 1923	103	104 1/4
St. Paul & Northern Pacific 1st s.	118	—
Northern Pacific Terminals	106	106 1/4
Oregon Improvement Co.	68 1/2	70
" " 1st bonds	107	108 1/4
James River Valley 1st s.	105	—
Spokane & Palouse 1st s.	101	—
Chicago, St. P., Mpls & Omaha, com.	34 1/2	34 1/2
do preferred	101 1/4	101 1/4
Chicago & Northwestern, common	110	110 1/2
do preferred	141	142 1/2
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, com.	69 1/4	69 1/4
do preferred	103 1/2	103 1/2
Milwaukee, Lake S. & Western, com.	52	53 1/2
do preferred	90	91
Minneapolis & St. Louis, common	5 1/2	8
do preferred	12	14 1/2
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba	102	103

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

Approximate Gross Earnings for Month of October.

TREASURER'S OFFICE, 17 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, NOV. 3, 1888.

	1887.	1888.	Increase.
Miles: Main Line	3,081.54	3,396.70	315.16
and Branches	—	—	—
Month of October	\$1,674,880.77	\$2,218,894.00	\$544,013.23

GEO. S. BAXTER, Treasurer.



Minnesota.

THE new railroad between St. Cloud and St. Louis Falls by way of Wilmar was recently opened for through travel. It belongs to the Manitoba system.

ST. PAUL is to have another ice palace and winter carnival. This year the grounds will be open to all, an admission being charged at the palace, which will be brilliantly illuminated every night by electric light.

THE Minneapolis *Tribune* says that city is the greatest primary wheat market in America and the whole world. Last year her total receipts aggregated about 49,000,000 bushels, while the total receipts of Duluth were 17,136,275, of Chicago 20,530,758, and New York 15,222,425. New York is the chief exporting point in the United States; yet the receipts of Minneapolis were a trifle larger. Liverpool is the greatest wheat market in the United Kingdom. The bulk of the wheat imported by England is laid down in Liverpool. In the Minneapolis market wheat is sold by sample, and brings what it is actually worth, while in Duluth, Chicago and New York it is sold by grade.

Dakota.

A TRAIN of ten wheat wagons, bearing nearly one thousand bushels, drawn by a friction engine, arrived in Aberdeen, from the Hall farm, four miles south of that place. The outfit was photographed in the presence of a large number of spectators. The grain averaged fifteen bushels per acre and after active bidding brought \$1.20.

A RECENT boring for coal in McLean County, on the upper Missouri River, by an Iowa company, disclosed six veins of lignite at a depth of 70 to 104 feet. They are 2, 3, 5 and 11 feet in thickness. The thickest vein is the lowest. There is coal for all Dakota in this one county. The great fuel supply is not confined to one county, but is found in immense quantities in all the trans-Missouri counties. While dollar wheat may be cheap wheat in Dakota, there is an inexhaustible fuel supply in Northwestern Dakota that is dirt cheap. A few more railroads in that direction, and a little more coal and capital, will prove this fact to the satisfaction of the consumer.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*

DESIRABLE SETTLERS.—The Russian settlers in La-Moure County are considered most desirable people to get into the county and their honest, industrious and saving habits commend them to all who have dealings with them. An enterprising merchant at Edgeley, says the *Mail* has gone to much pains and expenses to fit up a shanty in the rear of his store for the purpose of affording shelter at night for the Russians. Seats and bunks are arranged around the inside and a small stove gives out a genial warmth. These people come a distance of thirty or forty miles and are compelled to remain over night. Heretofore they have slept in their wagons or begged the privilege of a bunk on the floor of some kind hearted merchant's store.

IN spite of the remarkable catastrophe to its wheat crop this year, Dakota still leads in the production of the great bread staple. Those who make a specialty of compiling figures on the subject put the Territory in advance of any State. In an estimate at hand it is given 36,750,000 bushels, with California next with 36,000,000, and Indiana nearly 29,000,000. These do not show up very well with the 62,000,000 of last year, but for a failure of the crop they are not bad. The Government estimate of 92 bushels per acre makes a still larger total, and the *Farmers' Review* has somewhat larger figures. With an ordinary season next year, it may be fairly estimated that the increased acreage will give a production above 75,000,000 bushels. One good crop, with anything like present prices, will make things hum in the great Territory, and it will come into the Union bringing sheaves that will be the envy of the other States.—*St. Paul Globe*.

Montana.

IT is estimated that the value of the gold, silver and copper product of Montana this year will be \$40,000,000.

THE road from the Gallatin Valley to a connection with the Northern Pacific at Boulder will be among the first railroad building done in Montana next year.

THE Helena & Livingston Smelting Co. are pushing work as rapidly as possible on their plant in East Helena. Three stacks are completed, one being 140 feet in height

and the others 100 feet each. The sampling works are about completed and will be started up by December 15th. The other buildings are also about completed. The machinery is being placed in position as fast as it arrives and it is expected that by the middle of December the smelter will be completed and in running order.

A MONTANA FARM.—The ranch of Thomas C. Power, on Sun River, is an extensive enclosure of 3,000 acres, all under wire fence, which measures thirty miles in all. On this farm Mr. Power has 200 head of Polled Angus cattle, all registered; 150 head Norman and grade horses, besides other stock. He cuts a wide breadth of hay, and raises all the grain required for feeding. He has just completed a two-story stone barn that will accommodate eighty head of animals and stow away forty to fifty tons of hay, and is building another 125x120, also two stories, specially designed for the comfort and training of his blooded horses. His cattle captured the highest premiums at the late Territorial fair.

Idaho.

PROSPERITY OF THE COEUR D'ALENE COUNTRY.—We notice a great difference in the condition of the mining interest of the South Fork this year from that which has existed in past seasons. There is scarcely a mine of any kind that is not prepared to carry on its operation during the winter as successfully as at other seasons of the year. To any one who has not lived in a mining section it would be quite interesting to visit the working mines and see how comfortably and conveniently everything is arranged. Every one interested in the prosperity of the Coeur d'Alene Country, either directly or indirectly, will be very materially benefitted by this. It means a business season for business of every description—miners, merchants and professional men—which will continue throughout the entire year. The new stage route will keep communication open between the North and South Fork sections. Railroads will be doing a good business, and business in all its avenues will pay but little attention to the deep snow and stormy weather which has heretofore been such a drawback and interference at this season of the year.—*Wallace Free Press*.

Oregon.

ACTIVE operations have been resumed in the construction of the Vancouver, Klickitat & Yakima Railroad.

Washington.

NATIVE copper is found in the gulches near the West end of Newman's Lake, about thirty miles northeast of Spokane Falls.

THE Pasco *Headlight* says that preparations are being made for the erection of a large number of substantial buildings on the lots recently laid out by the railroad company.

THE Kittitas Irrigation Canal Co was organized at Ellensburg for the purpose of irrigating the "west side," or that part of the Kittitas Valley west of the Yakima River. The proposed ditch will be about twenty miles long, twelve feet wide, four feet deep, and is calculated to irrigate a territory about three miles wide and twenty miles long.

THE exports of wheat, lumber and coal to foreign and coastwise ports from Tacoma during the month of October amounted in value to over \$600,000. Two vessels, the bark George S. Homer and the bark Spartan, laden with cargoes of tea aggregating 38,329 packages of tea, arrived at Tacoma during the month.

THE following exhibit of the prune growing business about Vancouver, is given by the *Register*, and shows the wonderful fruit productions of Washington. It says the prune crop in that vicinity has been very large this year, and the dryers have been run to their utmost capacity to save the fruit. Some of the orchards have yielded as much as \$500 an acre from their Italian prunes. This variety is thought by many to be better than the German; but both seem to do well.

AMONG the many new discoveries of valuables in Skagit County are several ledges of marble. One of them is ten feet wide and the ledge has been traced two and a half miles. This variety is "clouded" more beautifully than the famous "Italian." It is at the head of navigation on Skagit River, 100 miles from the Sound. Another variety in the same vicinity is crystal white. A number of gold placer mines have been worked for years on the tributaries of the upper Skagit, and recently quite a number of prominent quartz discoveries have been made on the Ruby and Cascade forks.—*Washington Farmer*.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY COAL.—Washington Territory now ranks sixteenth among the coal producing States and Territories, and yet her coal has barely been touched. At Cle-elum alone vast measures of coal exist, and within two miles of the town vast mountains of iron of the finest quality have been exposed. The Territory has more of both coal and iron than Pennsylvania has within the same area, and she has vastly more territory than the Keystone State. All that is needed in either Oregon or

Washington to produce coal and iron enough for the world is capital, enterprise and operation to place these staple minerals on the market.—*Oregonian*.

NATURAL GAS AT CLE-ELUM.—An attempt to obtain natural gas at Cle-elum is being vigorously prosecuted. The boring has now reached a depth of over 600 feet. Even if gas is not obtained, the result of the boring will have proven that vast wealth, in the shape of coal which can be readily mined, lies beneath that town. When down a little over 400 feet a stratum of coal seven feet thick was struck. It is intended to keep on boring the gas well until a depth of 1,000 feet is reached if a good flow of gas is not had before that. The company engaged in this enterprise has spent upwards of \$10,000 already, including work and machinery.

THE *Oregonian* has the following good words for Walla Walla: Walla Walla seems to be in the flood-tide of prosperity. The spirit of enterprise has seized the people, property is selling rapidly to investors, orders for brick for building purposes outrun the capacity of local brick-makers to fill them, and improvement generally is on the rush. This, however, is more or less characteristic of a great many towns and cities in Washington Territory as well as Oregon. The coming immigration of the approaching winter and spring, which will be counted by tens of thousands, will serve to swell this great flood of prosperity, and the wilderness will blossom in many places.

A YAKIMA paper notes the exhibition in that town of several sweet potatoes from the crop of W. E. Thornton, near that town, which weigh three pounds each. No frigid zone region could produce such enormities of this delicate vegetable. The climate and soil that will produce peaches, apricots, peanuts, cotton sorghum cane, grapes, melons and sweet potatoes, will produce tropical fruits as well. The Yakima valley has all the capabilities, when brought under a proper condition of cultivation to produce everything that California produces, and thus supply this Puget Sound market in a fresh condition with every species of fruit and vegetable that are now supplied by the Shoe String State.

WASHINGTON Territory leads every State and Territory in the Union in the yield of wheat per acre. In the official reports of the government, the greatest yield in any State is that of Oregon, placed at 16.3 bushels per acre, and the largest yield in the United States is accredited to Washington Territory, being 18.5 bushels per acre. This is a grand showing for this Territory, coming as it does from the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington city, and tends to confirm the amazing statement made by Henry Villard, at St. Paul last week, in which he predicted a population of 20,000,000 people for Washington Territory and Oregon in another generation.—*Cheney Sentinel*.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT AT TACOMA.—The establishment of Tacoma's permanent water front along an extended line of the shore of Commencement Bay; the laying of new tracks on the hillside to the great wheat elevator; the building of new coal bunkers; the multiplication of the side and main tracks in the yard limits; the filling in of a large space for docks, together with the channel dredging on the bay, render this the loveliest city on Puget Sound. The private improvements being made in the business and residence quarters, keep pace with the railroad work. This is but the beginning, however, of developments that will within a few years make Tacoma the most important town in the Northwest.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

THE fact that the Tacoma Coal Company has contracted with the Ryan smelter, which is being erected here to supply that establishment with about 100 tons of coke daily, will soon bring two additional great industries of Tacoma into public prominence. This coke company expects to make 200 tons of coke per day. Its products have already met with a large demand from the mining regions of Montana. Butte City uses a large amount of this coke, finding it much cheaper than the Pennsylvania coke. Refining works are likely to follow the smelting works in Tacoma, which will become the Pacific Coast center of an industry that has done as much for Omaha as any other one of the great interests of that flourishing city.—*Tacoma Ledger*.

EUGENE SEMPLE, Governor of Washington Territory, in his annual report, estimates the population of the Territory at 167,982, an increase of about 24,000 during the year. The taxable property of the Territory is given as \$84,621,182, which is a gain of over \$55,000,000 in the last ten years, and a large increase over last year. The financial condition of the Territory is said to be healthy and prosperous. Public lands have been entered during the year as follows:

	Acres.
Original homestead entries	312,340
Timber culture entries	89,264
Cash entries	338,803
Pre-emption filings	359,643
Coal lands	18,720
Desert lands	24,000
Timber land	85,000
During the year the Northern Pacific Railroad Company	

Alaska.

THE method of placer mining along the Yukon River is described as follows: The river freezes to a great depth, and on the banks and bars the ice is generally solid to the bottom. The miners cut this away and then dig up the gravel which is also frozen, and carry it on the banks. This process is continued until the river breaks up, for a couple of months, when the dirt is carried back again and washed for gold. In this way, says the informant, one man took out a thousand dollars, but it was hard work. The gold is principally coarse, the largest nugget taken out being valued at \$40.

St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The fact has outstripped the prophecy and to-day, in their marvelous growth and their volume of commerce, the "Twin Cities" are the wonder of all who visit them, not only as centres of business, but for the picturesque-ness of their situation and the lovely summer resort that surround them. The business man or pleasure seeker from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Omaha, or Denver, or from California, finds "The Burlington" the only direct route to these wonders of the North. Buy tickets over "The Burlington," and for any special information address W. J. Kenyon, Gen. Pass. Agent C. B. & N. R. R.

Cor. Superior St. and Fourth Ave. W., Opp. Opera House.

JAMES F. HOLMES.

JAMES B. HOLMES.

T. MEYER

—DEALERS IN—

RED LAKE FALLS

MINNESOTA.

We offer special inducements to parties who will build on lots purchased of us.

Correspondence solicited:

Office: Holmes Block, opposite Depot.

Office, Hotel Fife Block,

Tacoma, Wash. Ter.

Investments Made and Loans Negotiated for Non-residents.

References: Hon. J. N. Dolph, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.; Hon. Eugene Semple, Governor Washington Territory; F. T. Olds, candidate, Tacoma, W. T. Correspondence solicited.

\$12,000 IN CASH TO Subscribers!

THE GRANDEST OFFER EVER MADE BY ANY PUBLISHER.

In stead of spending \$50,000 this year in giving away sample copies to readers throughout the U. S., we have decided upon the following novel contest for the purpose of advertising and getting our publication talked about from one end of the continent to the other.

We have taken an ordinary quart measure, filled it with ordinary white pea beans, poured the beans into an ordinary quart fruit jar such as is used for preserving fruit, sealed it securely, and deposited it with the North River Bank. It cannot be opened or counted until February 15th, 1889, and no person now knows how many beans the jar contains.

The following 4895 Presents will be GIVEN to the 4895 persons making the best guesses of the number of beans the jar contains:

1	Present to the person guessing the correct number,	\$1,500
1	nearest the correct number,	1,000
1	making the next best guess,	750
1	nearest the next best guess,	500
1	nearest the next best guess,	250
5	Presents to the 5 persons making the next best guess,	\$100 each, 500
10	nearest the next best guess,	50 each, 500
25	nearest the next best guess,	20 each, 500
50	nearest the next best guess,	10 each, 500
100	nearest the next best guess,	5 each, 500
200	nearest the next best guess,	2.50 each, 500
500	nearest the next best guess,	1 each, 500
4,000	nearest the next best guess,	1 each, 4,000

4,895 Presents, - - - - Amounting to \$12,000

SEND YOUR GUESS

with name and address plainly written on a piece of paper the size of a postal card, and it will be recorded on our books at once. No charge is made for the guess, but in order to introduce our old and well established publication, **THE AMERICAN FISHSIDE AND FARM** into new homes, we require that each one answering this and sending a guess shall become a subscriber to our publication for at least six months, and send us 30 cents in postage stamps, postal note or silver, or 50 cents for one year's subscription, which entitles the subscriber to be a guesser.

The Jar will be opened and beans counted February 15th, 1889, by a committee chosen by the subscribers.

Should no one guess the correct number, then the one guessing nearest will receive the first present of \$1,500. Should two or more persons guess the correct number, then the one whose guess is first received will receive the \$1,500, and the next the \$1,000, and so on.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION FREE! If you will work among your acquaintances and form a club we will send six subscriptions for 1.50; twelve for \$2.50; 25 for \$5.00; 50 for \$10; 100 for \$20. Each subscription to be accompanied with guess opposite name in plain figures.

THE AMERICAN FISHSIDE AND FARM

Is one of the largest, handsomest, and best publications issued from New Jersey. It contains sixteen large pages, 64 long columns, complete, filled with news and short reading for every member of every American home. The subscription price has been reduced to **only 50 cents a year**. We have been so long before the public that it ought to be a sufficient guarantee that we will do as we agree. If we are unknown to you, any bank, commercial agency or publisher in N. J. will tell you who we are. Money may be sent by Postal Note, Registered Letter, or P. O. Order. Address: **THE AMERICAN FISHSIDE AND FARM,**

Weldon Building, 71 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J.

CUT THIS OUT AND SECURE A CLUB. IT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

A. A. NEWBERY & CO.,
REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL AGENTS,
Spokane Falls, Washington Territory.

Spokane Falls, the metropolis of Eastern Washington, has a water-power more extensive than that of Minneapolis, and is now the trading center of a rich agricultural district and a mining region containing the richest mineral deposits in the United States. Investments in Spokane Falls property, which can now be made at reasonable prices, are absolutely safe and pay enormous returns. We undertake investments for parties at a distance, and invite correspondence.

We have some of the choicest business property in the heart of the city: acre tracts contiguous to the city, and manufacturing sites, with and without water-power, on our lists, and solicit correspondence and inquiry from Eastern parties.

Thousands of acres of choice agricultural land in the Palouse country and the Big Bend, improved and unimproved, at prices ranging from \$5 to \$15 an acre. Plats and prices of Northern Pacific Railroad lands in Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho.

REFERENCES: { Traders National Bank, } Spokane Falls.
 { First National Bank, }

A. A. NEWBERY & CO.,
SPOKANE FALLS.

SEATTLE,
The New York of the Pacific.

Population 1880, 3,533. In 1886, 10,400. On January, 1888, 19,116, and the population July 1, 1888 nearly 25,000. The Steamship and the Railroad Center of the Northern Pacific. The Most Aggressive and Prosperous City in America.

Come and investigate, or send for printed descriptive matter. We have tons upon tons each month for circulation, free of cost to you.

Fortunes have been made by first investors in the leading Western cities, and so will investments prove if made now in Seattle. We have Business and Residence Lots in all the best Additions at from \$100 to \$1,000, as well as lots in any portion of Seattle; also Timber, Coal and Iron Lands; Farms improved and unimproved. We deal in Municipal Bonds and Securities, and Negotiate Loans.

ESHELMAN, LLEWELLYN & CO.,

The Real Estate and Money Brokers of the Pacific,

Post Building, SEATTLE, WASH. TER.

REFERENCES: First National Bank and Merchants National Bank of Seattle.

TACOMA, Washington Territory, Western Terminus Northern Pacific R. R.

TACOMA shows the lowest death rate of any city in the Union, and is the best lighted, graded and drained city on the North Pacific Coast.

TACOMA has the finest of educational facilities, and a population of 20,000 law abiding, industrious home winners.

TACOMA is not a "Boom City," but a rapidly growing mercantile manufacturing center.

TACOMA has shipped 10,000,000 bushels of wheat this season and will ship 12,000,000 bushels next win-

ter. The commerce of the world is safe in our harbor every day in the year.

TACOMA will ship 150,000,000 feet of the best lumber in the world this year. The coal mines tributary are inexhaustible, and mountains of the finest of iron ore are now being worked by experienced and wealthy owners.

TACOMA is not handicapped by any great body of fresh water around its suburbs, to shut off its tributary farming country, but has beautiful and safe

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The above sum in cash and goods will be paid to the first 200 who send 50 cents for a sample of our goods, and tell us correctly where in the Bible is the word "HUSBAND" first found. Mention book, chapter and verse. The first person who sends the correct answer will be paid \$100 in cash, the second \$50, the third \$25, the fourth \$15, the fifth \$10, and to the next 195, if there are as many, a \$500 GOLD PLATE Half Round WEDDING RING. We want new agents, and for 50 cents will send a SEVEN HUNDRED PAGE DICTIONARY of the English Language, well bound, in cloth and gilt. An excellent Christmas gift. Last year we paid \$20,000 for advertising, and we wish to try the effect of a new method. **LOSE NO TIME** if you would secure one of the Cash Payments, as all answers must be sent before Feb. 1st, 1889. The Prizes will be paid Feb. 1st. Send postage stamps, postal note, or silver. Mention this paper. Address at once **WORLD MANUFACTURING CO., 122 Nassau Street, N. Y.**

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Rapid Growth of Spokane Falls.

Spokane Falls, W. T., is coming to the front more rapidly than any city in the Northwest Pacific slope. Her growth and the rapid increase in values are permanent. The mining, lumbering, farming, grazing, manufacturing and other interests are rapidly pouring their wealth into her coffers. I. S. Kaufman & Co., the oldest real estate dealers in the place, have made fortunes for many of their outside customers, by making careful and judicious investments for them, and are ready to make others happy. Best of references furnished if desired.

Webster, the New Spokane Falls Suburb.

The popular Webster tract lies one and one-half miles northwest from the city of Spokane Falls, W. T., sloping gently towards the beautiful Spokane River which adjoins Webster on the southwest, and lying as it does 210 feet above the river, the location is a healthful one and the scenery unsurpassed. The prairie at Webster is smooth and for many months of the year represents one grand flower garden, dotted here and there as it is with very many beautiful evergreen trees. The second depot from Spokane Falls in the Seattle direction via S. L. S. & E. will be located at Webster, the first being located at "Alta Vista." The river at Webster furnishes 5,000 horse power. One can readily read the wonderful future of the city of Spokane Falls and vicinity. Denver City, Colorado, reaches from its center six miles in every possible direction; so will Spokane and Webster in the near future, and with her thousands of intelligent people, with her beautiful homes on either side of her grand avenues, her hundreds of busy mercantile houses, and with her many active factories be no small factor in the building up of one of the most powerful business centers of the Northwest.

Unexcelled or Unequaled.

"The Northwestern Line," C., St. P., M. & O. Ry., has earned for itself the reputation of being the first to inaugurate any improvement in railway travel between the Twin Cities and Chicago, without waiting until circumstances might compel it to follow the lead of some rival company.

It has never offered its patrons poor or inferior equipment, but has always furnished the latest and most elaborate productions of the Pullman and Wagner shops; and when these in turn could be excelled by newer cars they were assigned to service on other lines, and replaced by the latest triumphs of the car builders art. And so it has been in all that pertains to the comfort, safety and rapid transportation of travelers, and "The Northwestern Line" not content with giving to the public the best passenger service west of Chicago, is always seeking for further improvement.

It was the first line to place dining cars on the trains between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, and this branch of the service has now become noted the country over, for its efficiency and liberality; and is not surpassed, if equaled, by any line east or west.

It gave us the celebrated "Short Line Limited," with magnificent new equipment, and making a better record for continuous fast time than any other line in the country.

Then came the celebrated vestibuled trains between the Twin Cities and Chicago, and as usual "The Northwestern Line" took the lead, and not only originated the move, but was the first to place these trains in service, not using old cars fixed over, but again furnishing new equipment from baggage to sleeping cars, all built expressly for these trains and completely vestibuled, Pullman and Wagner cars being run on alternate days. These cars were as perfect in appointment and fitting as it was deemed possible to make them, and once more it seemed that the limit of luxury and beauty had been reached, but now the Pullman cars on this run have been again replaced by others of a later build, with new and original improvements and new Wagners will also shortly be substituted.

The record of "The Northwestern Line" speaks for itself, and its great popularity with the public is not the result of a systematic sounding of its own praises, but is founded on the solid approval of its patrons, with whom its proud boast of being "always on time," has become an article of faith.—Pioneer Press, St. Paul.

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The Northern Pacific Railroad Company has a large quantity of very productive and desirable

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In North Dakota,	-	-	7,000,000 Acres
In Montana,	-	-	19,000,000 Acres
In Northern Idaho,	-	-	1,750,000 Acres
In Washington and Oregon,	-	-	12,000,000 Acres

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TERMS OF SALE OF NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS.

Agricultural land of the company east of the Missouri River, in Minnesota and North Dakota, are sold chiefly at from \$4 to \$6 per acre, Grazing lands at from \$3 to \$4 per acre, and the preferred stock of the company will be received at par in payment. When lands are purchased on five years' time, one-sixth stock or cash is required at time of purchase, and the balance in five equal annual payments in stock or cash, with interest at 7 per cent.

The price of agricultural lands in North Dakota west of the Missouri River, ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$3.50 per acre, and grazing lands from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre. In Montana the price ranges chiefly from \$3 to \$5 per acre for agricultural land, and from \$1.25 to \$2.50 per acre for grazing lands. If purchased on five years' time, one-sixth cash, and the balance in five equal annual cash payments, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

The price of agricultural lands in Washington and Oregon ranges chiefly from \$2.60 to \$6 per acre. If purchased on five years' time, one-fifth cash. At end of first year the interest only on the unpaid amount. One-fifth of principal and interest due at end of each of next four years. Interest at 7 per cent. per annum.

On Ten Years' Time. Actual settlers can purchase not to exceed 320 acres of agricultural land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon on ten years' time at 7 per cent. interest, one-tenth cash at time of purchase and balance in nine equal annual payments, beginning at the end of the second year. At the end of the first year the interest only is required to be paid. Purchasers on the ten-years' credit plan are required to settle on the land purchased and to cultivate and improve the same.

For prices of lands and town lots in Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana, Eastern land district of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to A. G. POSTLETHWAITE, General Land Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

For prices of lands and town lots in Washington, Idaho and Oregon, Western land district of the Northern Pacific Railroad, apply to PAUL SCHULZE, General Land Agent, Tacoma, Wash. Ter.

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The Northern Pacific Railroad Company mail free to all applicants the following Illustrated Publications, containing valuable maps, and describing Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. They describe the country, the soil, climate and productions; the agricultural and grazing areas; the mineral districts and timbered sections; the cities and towns; the free Government lands; the low-priced railroad lands for sale, and the natural advantage which the Northern Pacific country offers to settlers. The publications contain a synopsis of the United States land laws, the terms of sale of railroad lands, rates of fare for settlers, and freight rates for household goods and emigrant movables. The publications referred to are as follows:

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF NORTH DAKOTA, showing the Government lands open to settlers, and those taken up, and the railroad lands for sale and those sold in the district covered by the map. It contains descriptive matter concerning the country, soil, climate and productions, and the large areas of unsurpassed agricultural and pastoral lands adapted to diversified farming in connection with stock raising.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF EASTERN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, with descriptive matter relating to this portion of the Northern Pacific country. This region contains large areas of fine agricultural lands and grazing ranges, rich mineral districts and valuable bodies of timber.

A SECTIONAL LAND MAP OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL WASHINGTON, showing the unoccupied and occupied Government lands, the sold and unsold railroad lands, in Central and Western Washington, including the Puget Sound section, with descriptive matter concerning the extensive timber regions, mineral districts and the agricultural and grazing lands.

A MONTANA MAP, showing the Land Grant of the Northern Pacific R. R. Co., and the Government surveys in the district covered by the map, with descriptions of the country, its grazing ranges, mineral districts, forests and agricultural sections.

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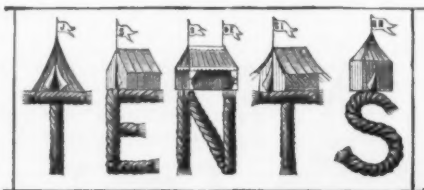
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Customer—"I thought, Isaacstein, that you didn't do business on Saturday. Isn't that your Sunday?"

Mr. Isaacstein (in a low reverent tone of voice)—"My frent, to sell a coat like dot for sayveteen tollar vas not peeness, dat vas charity."—*Boston Post.*

DIDN'T NEED ANY POINTS.

Broad Street Dame (waking from sleep as the clock strikes at 11 P. M.)—"Mercy, me! Have you been down stairs reading all this time?"

Husband—"I've been sitting in the back parlor waiting for that young man to leave."

"Remember, my dear, that you were once young yourself."

"I remember. That's why I watch him."—*Philadelphia Record.*

KNEW HE WAS A QUAKER.

"Did you see any Quakers in Philadelphia?" was asked of a Detroitier who recently returned from that city.

"Only one that I was sure of."

"Did he 'thee' and 'thou' you?"

"He did. He got off his back and said: 'If thee don't pay me \$2 I'll knock thy blamed head off,' and I paid, although I knew the regular fare was two shillings. You don't want to fool with these Quakers any, and don't you forget it."

HIS DEFINITION OF SAD IRONS.

"Mother, do you know why they call them irons you're ironing with 'sad irons'?"

"No, Johnny, I don't."

"Well, I do. It's because they have to listen to so much talkin' when you're ironin' with them that it makes them sad; and doggon if I blame 'em either. They ought to call the table and chairs and everything in the room sad, too, 'cause they have to stay in here and listen to you. I must go out now or I'll get sad myself."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

HOW A GREAT JOURNALIST MET HIS END.

"So you are from Arizona?"

"Yes."

"How is the Tombstone Hooter coming on?"

"Busted."

"What busted it?"

"A prominent citizen shot the editor."

"What for?"

"You see he wrote 'Horrible Blunder' as a headline to go over an account of a railroad accident, but the foreman made a mistake and put it over the account of a wedding."—*Texas Siftings.*

METHOD IN MODESTY.

He was such a pleasant fellow,
So polite, so polished, too;
Everywhere we went together,
He would murmur: "After you!"

Did we reach a door together,
He would never first go through,
But would wait and let me pass him,
Saying softly: "After you!"

Was there anything he wanted,
And was not enough for two,
He would always let me have it,
Always muttered: "After you!"

So it was on each occasion,
Whatsoever the case might be;
He would never be the leader,
But was always after me.

He has borrowed fifty dollars,
Maybe tis a passing whim,
But he has not since been heard of,
And now I am after him.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it this receipt, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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"Why Bachmeier, you have been married thirty years, and do you wish to separate now?" Bachmeier—"Yes isn't that long enough."

"How?" stammered De Masher, "s'cuse me, ma deah fellow, but weally, yer know, your ears are, 'pon my word, yer know—they're too long for a man, don't yer know?" "Humph!" ejaculated Scumbles, "that's where the difference is between you and me." "Ah? What do you mean, deah boy?" inquired De Masher. "Why, you are oashort for an ass!" returned Scumbles.

New Yorker—"I suppose a horse can be kept very cheaply in Texas?"

Texas—"That all depends on circumstonsces, stranger. A neighbor of mine had to pay pretty high for keepin' a hoss."

"How so?"

"It cost him his life, and he didn't keep the hoss long, either. It was my hoss he was tryin' to keep."—Texas Siftings.

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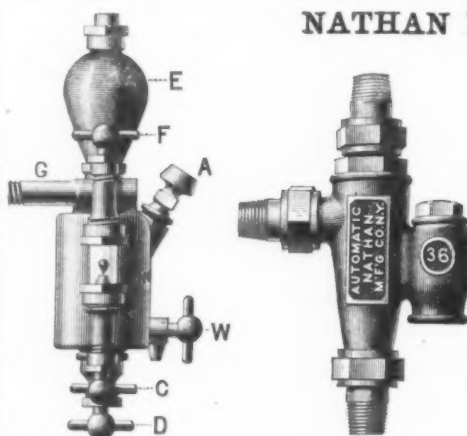
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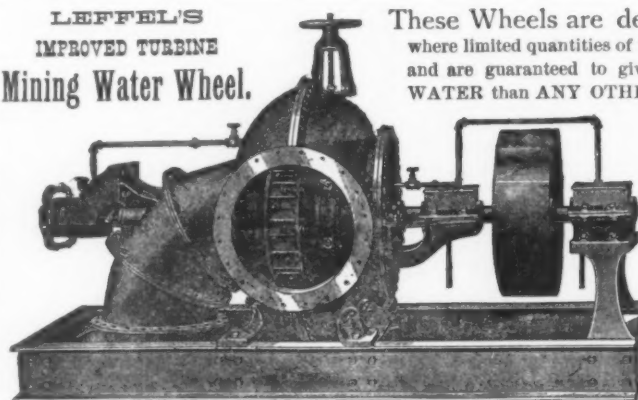
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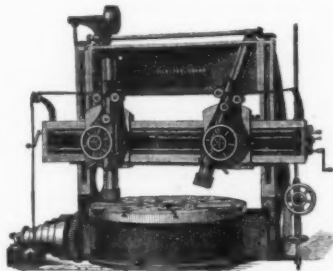
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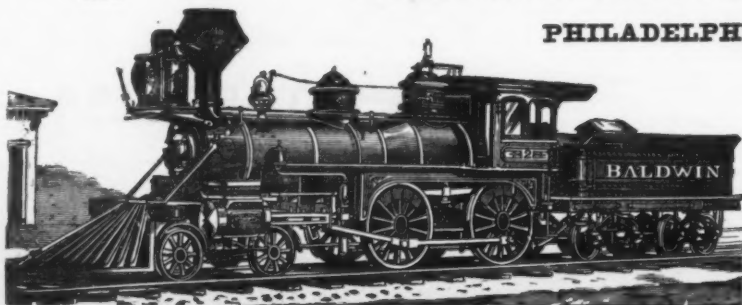
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UNDER THE CHESTNUT TREE.

Indignant Parent—"Remember who you are talking to, sir! I'm your father!" Young Dutiful: "Oh, come now, I hope you ain't going to blame me for that!"

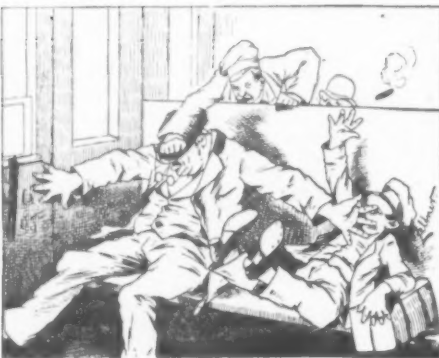
The plumber came down like a wolf on the fold, And his pockets were laden with solder and gold; Nine hours and a half he made love to the cook, And sixty-five dollars was charged on his book.

"You get off some pretty rank things sometimes," said the grocer to Bacon, who was holding down boxes around his stove. "Yes," replied Bacon modestly; "I just got off the firkin of butter there a few minutes ago."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Little Fred (to his nurse)—"Mary, you're a dandy kisser." Mamma (reprovingly): "Freddie, you musn't say that. It is slang." Fred: "Papa says it to her." Mamma: "I don't think he will, dear, after I speak to him about it."—*The Cartoon.*

MARRIAGE A MEANS OF GRACE.—Young Wife: "Don't you consider marriage a means of grace, George?" Young Husband (who has already been forced to play second fiddle in the household): "Yes; anything is a means of grace that leads to repentance."—*Idea.*

MISDIRECTED.



"There ain't any blemishes about this animal?" asked the would-be-purchaser of a cow. "No, she is all right; but I must tell you candidly that sometimes she kicks when she is being milked," replied the owner of the cow. "That's all right; my wife does the milkin'."—*Texas Siftings.*

Mr. Giltedge—"You come to the springs every season, don't you, Mr. Bullion?"

Mr. Bullion—"Yes; I feel at home here. There is a fine home-like flavor about the spring that recalls the old well behind the cow shed at my former home in Vermont."—*The Idea.*

A gentleman entered a phrenologist's office in Boston and asked to have his head examined. After a moment's inspection the professor started back, exclaiming: "Good heavens! you have the most unaccountable combination of attributes I ever discovered in a human being. Were your parents eccentric?"

"No, sir," replied the all-around character meekly, "but my wife is. You needn't pay any attention to the large bumps, sir."

A MOUTH LIKE A HORSE COLLAR.—"Mr. S—" exclaimed an indignant husband, "you are no gentleman!" "What makes you think that?" "My wife called at your house yesterday, didn't she?" "Yes—and was very welcome." "And as she drove away she heard you say to

your wife that she had a mouth like a horse collar." "Great Caesar! Why, man, all I said was that she had a horse of a mouse color."—*Tid-Bits.*

A TRADE SECRET.—Woodland Avenue dealer: "I say Jake, those seventy-five cent laundried shirts ain't selling very fast, are they?" Clerk: "No, they ain't." Dealer: "Well, I guess we'll mark them ninety-eight cents then. They've got to go regardless of cost."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Butler (after the Queen's Mate) has been rendered four times and repeat—"Ere's a dollar, an' th' master says would you kindly move hon? 's very bill!"

Leader Schwanenflugel—"Dot vos a square mans, fellers. Ve him blay der 'Det March in Sauls,' oud ohf compliments."—*Puck.*

A poor Scotchman who had but scant pasture for his cow one day tethered her on the summit of a barren hill-lock, where sand and stone were far more plentiful than vegetation, and, looking around him, exclaimed: "Weel, weel, Roay, my lass, if ye hanna mickle to eat ye hiv at only rate a splendid view."

Freeman—"Don't you think this doctrine of infant damnation a horrible one?"

Sours (slowly)—"Well, I don't know. I used to think that way, but since the Howler family and their new baby moved next door to me I am kind of wavering, kind of wavering."—*Lowell Citizen.*

"I wouldn't cry, little boy," said a kind old gentleman, consoling; "you may be unhappy for the moment, but it will soon pass away. You wouldn't expect me to cry, would you, every time I'm a little unhappy?" "No, sir," responded the tearful little lad; "you'd prob'ly go an' get a drink."—*Life.*

A Chicago divine was remonstrating with an unordained preacher for taking upon himself the priest's office, when the irregular one rejoined: "Doesn't the Bible tell us to go and preach the gospel to every critter?" "Very true," said his holiness, "but it doesn't say that every critter is to go and preach the gospel!"

She—"No, Mr. Harding, it can never be. But I will always be a sister—"

He (rising)—"Oh, that's the deal, is it? Well, then, sister, if you've got your thimble handy, I wish you would sew up the knees of my trousers that I have sacrificed in finding out our relationship."—*Life.*

A negro preacher addressed his flock with great earnestness on the subject of miracles as follows: "My beloved friends, de greatest of all miracles was 'bout de loaves and de fishes. Dere was five thousand loaves and two thousand fishes and de twelve 'postles had to eat dem all. De miracle is dey didn't bust!"

The Bishop of London is one of the wittiest men of the day. He once went to see one of his parishoners, a lady with a prodigious family, which had recently been increased. As he rose to leave the lady stopped him with "But you havn't seen my last baby." "No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to!" Then he fled.

HOW TO GET YOUR EXACT HEIGHT.—A man can always tell exactly how tall he is by walking through a low doorway in the dark. Next morning he can measure the height of the door, and then measure from where it struck to the top of his head, add the two together, subtract the swearing and multiply by what o'clock it was when he got home, and the result will be his net height.

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She went round and asked subscriptions For the heathen black Egyptians And the Terra del Fuegians,

She did:

For the tribes around Athabasca, And the men of Madagascar, And the poor souls of Alaska,

So she did:

She longed, she said, to buy Jelly cake and jam and pie For the Anthropophagi,

So she did.

How she loved the cold Norwegian, And the poor half-melted Feejian, And the dear Molucca Islander,

She did:

She sent tins of red tomato, To the tribes beyond the equator, But her husband ate potato,

So he did:

The poor helpless homeless thing (My voice falters as I sing)

Tied his clothes up with a string, Yes, he did.

—*Saturday Evening Gazette.*

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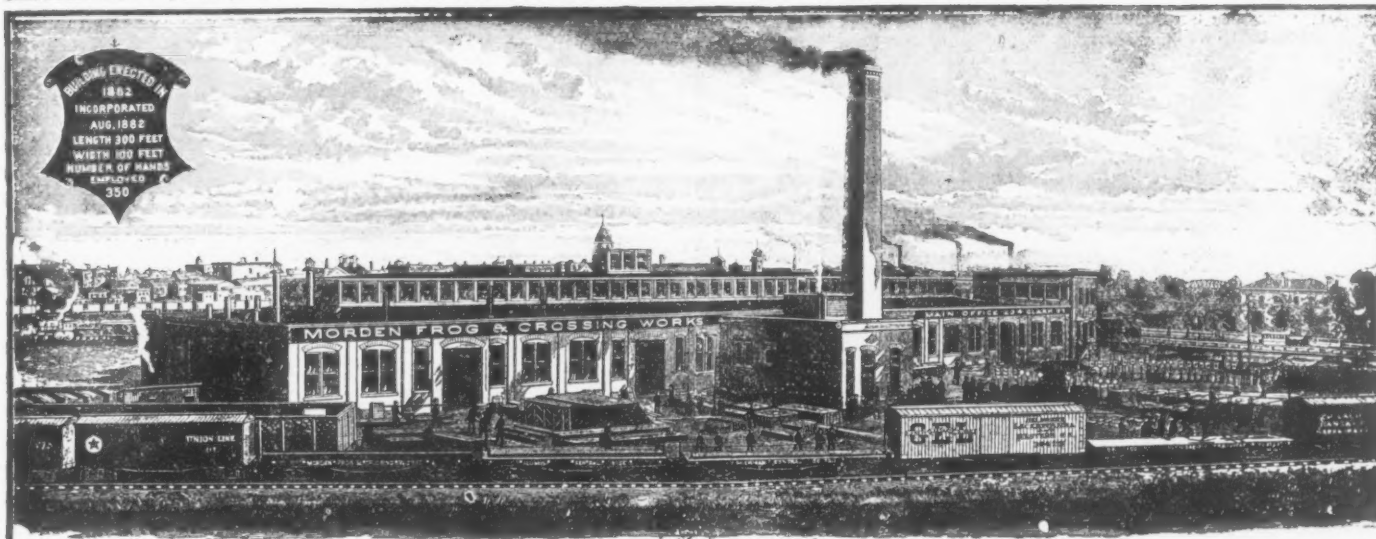
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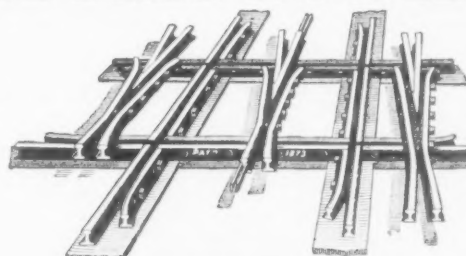
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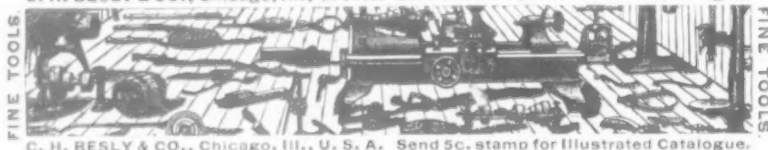
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